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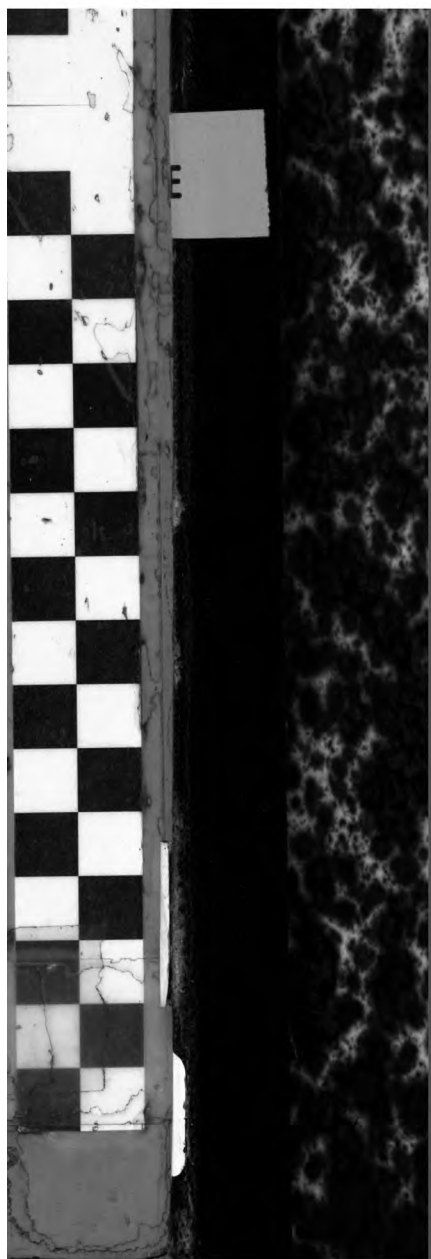
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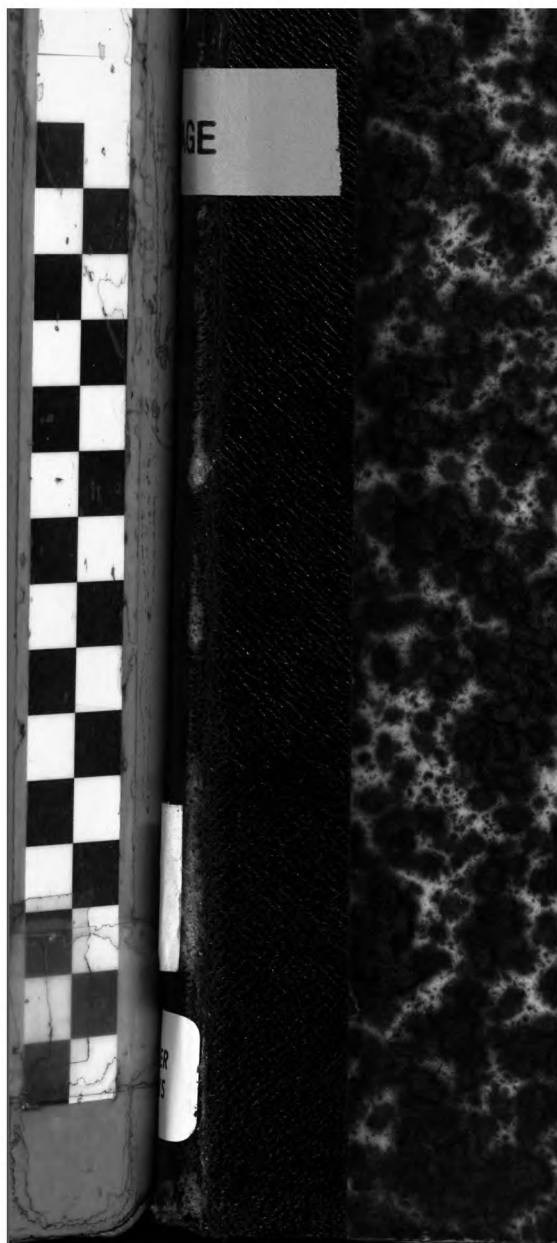
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THE
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AND
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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Amury Girod	70
Brant Monument, The	94
Canadian Temperance Medals	49
Cape Breton, The Island of	107
Carleton Island	38
Chicago	9
"Chief Waubuno" Criticised	13
Coin Notes	110
Continental Money	147
Curious Art Collection, A	93
Daniel Greysolon, Sieur du Luth	21
Dominion of Canada, The	168
Early Records of Nova Scotia	50
Editorial	48, 96, 136, 192
English Copper Coinage	23
English Mint, The	18
Father Marquette; The Pioneer Priest	43
Flying Camp of 1649, The	185
Forgotten Phenomenon, A	188
Henry Noell Humphreys	20
Heroine of the Beaver Dams, The	133
Hitherto Unrecorded Currency in Canada, A	167
How Finds are Sometimes Made	103
Keewaytin	85
Land of the Dakotas, The	66
Literary and Historic	36
Manx Scriptures, The	164
Martello Towers at Quebec, The	88
New Books	80
New English Postage Stamp, The	102
Notes on Jean Nicolet	157
Old and Modern Quebec	97
Old Kingston Advertisement, An	132

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	Page.
Old Log-house, Toronto, The	48
Origin of the Ducat	184
Port Royal—Its Graves	137
Prologue—From "The Antiquary"	102
Rebellion Reminiscence, A	134
Sale of Rare Coins, London	10
Servian Coinage	23
Silver—130 Years Ago	24
Some Canadian and Other Historic Doubts	114
Some Notes on Old Montreal	152
Some Thoughts on Antiquity	1
Swiss Colonists in Manitoba, The	49
Tadousac and the Chapel of Ste. Croix	25
Tecumseh's Death	86
United States Mint, The	19
Ursulines, The	14





FAC SIMILE OF RECORD OF FOUNDATION OF THE
CHAPEL AT TADOUSAC.



THE
CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN,
AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1879.

No. 1.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ANTIQUITY.

*(Read at a Meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian
Society of Montreal.)*

BY HENRY MOTT.



THINK it is Thomas Carlyle who said that "History is but a great storehouse of chronic'd events, containing the thoughts and doings of men. It is the right-hand man of memory, assisting to call up what otherwise would be forgotten." But *Antiquity* may perhaps be claimed as being Pre-historic. It seems strange that on such a subject as "Antiquity" there could exist any doubt; but such is the controversial spirit of the present day, that on the threshold I might be asked the question, What do you mean by Antiquity? We call to mind those extraordinary verses of Horace Smith in his "Address to the Mummy":

" I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run."

Again, in a poem by Ebenezer Elliott, we find a similar thought ; in addressing the Deity, he says :

" Ere the eagle flew, ere the worm crawl'd,
Or man, erect, before thee stood and smil'd,
Thou hadst existed an eternity
Of thoughtful ages."

Or, to come still nearer to my present aim, the American poet Brainard, in his lines addressed to the " Falls of Niagara," thus sings :

" The thoughts are strange which crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thy awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade thee
To chronicle the ages back,
And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks."

It seems, therefore, that the very name " Antiquity " is sufficient to set us thinking.

Nothing but the impression of a fern leaf on a piece of weather-worn sandstone, with its delicate tracings preserved entire ; nothing but this, and yet this fragile evidence is sufficient to corroborate the most astounding statements. It is sufficient to confirm the geologist in his most imaginative theories, and to cause his scientific heart to throb with delight. This simple plant transports us back hundreds, nay, thousands, of years, to those periods of which geologists say so much and know so little, when order was developing from chaos, and the coal was forming which now warms us. Is it

any wonder then that we resume our hasty examination of the rock and gloat in our imaginations over the former mission of this weed upon earth? Shift the circumstances but a little. Employ an expert sculptor. Let him tax his powers to the utmost that he may rival nature in perfection. A faultless impression of a similar fern is the result. We admire, we wonder, at the human ingenuity displayed. Time passes by and this object of our fancy is cast aside. It finds its way into the woods, where it becomes mingled with others of its kind. Years slip away; the rains have eroded the surface of the stone upon which the impression was made. It bears upon its face those distinctive features that Time's ravages alone can impress, those lineaments that lend this class of objects their peculiar charm. A strolling geologist, following the bent of his scientific inclinations, wanders in that direction. His eye, ever keen to detect such objects, alights upon this fern-impressed stone. He is enraptured, visions of Carboniferous, Sub-Carboniferous, and Devonian, flit hurriedly through his brain. The stone is seized and examined. His practised eye detects no flaw. The family *lymenophyllitis alatus* is enriched by the presence of an additional member, and the fortunate discoverer adds another to the many proofs which tend to substantiate his theories. To this person the two stones would suggest the same idea; the old and the new fossil are so much alike that they are confounded by him who knows not the recent origin of the one. Upon the minds of those, however, who are acquainted with the facts, quite a different impression would be produced. While we would admire the skill of the modern artist, our minds would revert with much greater pleasure to the object upon which Time had set its seal. We would be filled instantly with a feeling of reverence for the majesty and power of Nature's operations, and our thoughts would be transferred back far beyond mortal ken.

A Doric column rears its head amid a mass of rubbish. Owls have built their nests around it, and animals of prey nightly prowl in its precincts. Decay and death are indelibly stamped upon that weather-stained pillar. Simple as the scene might appear to the careless observer, it would be enough to "stir a fever" in the mind of the ardent poet, to send a feeling of mingled admiration and sadness through the heart of the antiquarian, and to elicit from the lips of the orator a host of utterances on the decay of Grecian greatness. Greece! that land where

"Burning Sappho lived and sung,"

and where the fine arts attained the zenith of their splendour.

And yet a Doric pillar of similar construction by a modern artist would excite in us no such ardent emotion. It would be gratifying for the present, and might arouse pleasant thoughts for the future, but they would be of an entirely different nature. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but in this case the joy would not be retrogressive, as when we view old ruins, but progressive. It is this peculiar retrogressive view of objects of antiquity that lends to them their superior charms. The mind reverts back to things that were, with an ever-recurring delight. If one is of a morbid disposition, despondent in all things, to whom the present is torture and the future is full of direful forebodings, the past will be regarded with especial interest and delight. Everything in the past seems bright and cheerful; one of this disposition feels as if his past career was on beds of roses, and that his soul was stirred by none save the pleasurable emotions. Living in the past, is this one's only solace and comfort in life? How often we see this exemplified. The oldest inhabitant, with a sigh that comes up from the bottom of his heart, pines for the "good old days," those days when women were angels, and men were Chevaliers Bayard; those

bygone luxuries of weather and climate, when the horizon was cloudless, and rainy days came only when they were needed. Ah! we will never see those times again. Oh! unhappy generation of the present age, degenerate scions of a noble stock, not to you belong those "good old days!" If one is of a lively, cheerful disposition, active and stirring about the affairs of the present, with bright hopes and splendid plans for the future, how thankfully the objects of antiquity are viewed. How the heart of the observer swells with pride as he examines the primitive implements of his ancestors. With what wonder he contemplates their stupidity in not having foreseen that certain results must inevitably follow certain established premises. It seems inexplicable to him that science should have remained so long in its infancy, that commerce should have languished, and civilization advanced so slowly. Development is the order of the day with one of this nature. Fossil excellencies only incite him to improvement and advancement, in order to outstrip those that have gone before. He views relics, therefore, not with the æsthetic eye of an antiquarian, but from the practical stand-point of one who desires something better. Both parties experience pleasure in the inspection, but it is entirely antipodal in its nature. Thus we see, that to all of any feeling, a Virtuoso's collection cannot fail to be invested with a peculiar charm.

We see that every object of age is invested, as it were, with a halo, and produces a profound impression upon our minds. It appeals strongly to our sense of reverence and enhances our respect and devotion for old-time customs, rules of society and codes of law. It is this principle that causes us to cling with tenacity to objects round which cluster hallowed associations, and to exert our powers to preserve them from the destroying hand of man. With what pride the inhabitants of an old town point out to the inquisi-

tive traveller some neglected spot, a quaint mansion that was once the abode of the great and powerful, and whose halls, perhaps, re-echoed to the tread of many a royal dancer. How sacred the spot where martyrs have bled, suffered tortures and died, where heroes have sacrificed their lives in the struggle for independence.

The same actions and exploits at the present day would excite wonder and admiration, possibly envy; but when the grave closes over them their value seems to be increased tenfold. Hence it is that we are so prone to over-estimate the good qualities and deeds of those deceased. We dwell with prolix enthusiasm upon virtues to which they themselves would never have dared to lay claim, and pronounce eulogies that are painfully devoid of truth. Not that the deviation from the truth is intended, but it is a part of the human composition to speak well of the dead, though we are too much inclined to forget that it would be far better to say nothing, than to utter splendid fiction.

Such are a few of the feelings that antiquity inspires. The results to which they lead, viewed in many aspects, are of greater practical importance. What an impetus has been given to science by the exhumation of fossils, and the subterranean explorations of curious searches after hidden truth, that will rise again even though crushed beneath the earth. What light has been thrown upon subjects around which there settled an obscurity formerly deemed impenetrable. Old manuscripts have been revived that have entirely changed the aspect of present topics of dispute. Greatly it is to be deplored that the ruthless hand of the invader and the barbarian have deprived us of some of the most valuable products of the ancient mind, and have left us, therefore, problems impossible to solve. But some may say: What is the use of these investigations? Why should we, with all the scientific improvements of the present day, with all the

advantages of education, unearth the knowledge of the ancients? Why should we study those effete sciences and languages, when there are so many living objects, and active, stirring events that demand the exercise of our mental faculties?

These are the questions with which the practical men of the present day would ply those who are engaged in studying old languages and old customs. Present, immediate utility, a term that frequently means very little more than personal aggrandizement, is the largely prevailing and dominant idea that occupies the minds of our modern thinkers. This runs through all departments, and is seriously detrimental to enlarged scholarship. Why should not the *honestum*, in its broadest sense, and the *utile*, be properly distinguished and the appropriate value be assigned to each?

We grant that, to secure a man his bread and meat, to enable him to lead the life of a higher animal, and a half-educated one at that, the classics are unnecessary. But is this the aim of man? Are his aspirations chained down to the simple desire of pushing his way through the world without culture, without liberal ideas, and an ample range of vision? Does not the limitation of his investigations to one specific sphere of inquiry, *namely*, the present, tend to this mental contraction? Whatever is good is useful, and that it is good to associate with the great minds of past ages no one will deny, unless, perchance, it be some narrow-minded utilitarian who confines himself to one field of investigation. Will the mind, in its cravings, be satisfied merely with the things of to-day? It is true that, in the struggle for existence, these must necessarily constitute the major part of one's thoughts. But the desire to explore the hidden mysteries of the past, and to indulge in the wildest imaginings concerning the future, is irresistible. The narrow region of self must be deserted for a wider sphere of action. Even in this

contracted space a knowledge of the past is essential to a luminous understanding of the present and in order to form reasonable conjectures respecting the future. Even to be practically successful, we must form some acquaintance with things gone by. One cannot arrive at conclusions without premises. When we say practical, we do not refer to the lower avocations of life. The selling of a horse involves no previous knowledge of Greek and Latin, nor of the claims of the Aryan family of languages. But in the professions, some knowledge of the classics is an absolute necessity, if excellence in any of these departments is sought after. No doctor or scientist can make any progress in his profession without some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Thus we see how hampered are the investigations of the present unless they are supplemented by a previous knowledge of the past. And if the past is to be explored at all, there is no reason why it should not be investigated with all the care and diligence that the human mind is able to bestow upon so important a subject. Such a study, therefore, is not only entertaining and instructive, but is of great practical utility.

But this is not the only way in which this reverence for objects of antiquity, this desire to search into the past, should recommend itself to all of us. Is everything to be valued according to the practical utility it subserves? I think not. There are nobler emotions in the human breast than those which impel us to seek our own aggrandizement. The affections are often stirred by the tender recollections that some old relic arouses. Some antique, well-worn article, say a ring, is before us. What a flood of rushing memories pour upon us as we view the simple memento! What a tale it tells of a mother's broken heart and a family in mourning for the promising scion of the house! Useful! It is profane to regard it in that light, if we give the word its modern accepted meaning. But we would part with every-

thing sooner than with this heirloom that has caused our eyes to fill with tears, as we eagerly listened to the sad story connected with it.

Are these ennobling emotions, these tender thoughts which well up from the heart's depths, to be discarded because they will not sell? I hope that none will answer in the affirmative. Not that I am inclined to a pessimistic view of the present, for there are undoubted signs of progress in every direction; but there is a great tendency in some quarters to vandalism, and it is one that should be checked in its incipency. The present world of investigation is enlarging so rapidly that it endangers seriously the search into the past, and young and precocious intellects are too intent upon making their own "foot-prints in the sands of time," to regard those made by the *Brontozoum giganteum*. They are too busy laying up their own stores, to pay any attention to past relics. This eventually tends to crush out of our natures one of its noblest characteristics, a reverence for antiquity, and to create within our minds a contempt for the labours of former great men, and *souvenirs* of the past, that should inspire us with the saddest thoughts.

CHICAGO.—The first white visitors to the site of Chicago were Joliet and Marquette, who arrived in August, 1673, from Canada. The first permanent settlement was made in 1804, during which year Fort Dearborn was built by the U. S. Government. It was abandoned in 1812, rebuilt in 1816, and finally demolished in 1856. In 1830, Chicago contained thirty houses with a mixed population numbering about 100. The town was organized in 1833, and incorporated as a city in 1837. The first frame building was erected in 1832, and the first ship entered the harbour June 11th, 1834. At the first official census taken in 1837, the population was found to be 4,170. In 1850, it had increased to nearly 30,

000; in 1860, to 112,000; in 1870, to 300,000; and in 1875 estimated at 500,000.

SALE OF RARE COINS—LONDON.



GENERAL Yorke Moore's collection of Early British, Anglo-Saxon, and post-Conquest coins was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, the sale being one of the most important of the kind that has occurred of late years, and the prices realised by the rarer examples being very high. Amongst the transcribed British coins:—Gold, Eppillus, extremely rare, 6*l.* 5*s.*; silver, Eppillus, very rare, 8*l.* 5*s.*; gold, Dubnovellaunus, fine and rare, 4*l.*; copper, Cunobeline, youthful Janiform heads, rare, 40*l.* 10*s.*; Kings of Kent—Cuthred, rare and well preserved, 7*l.*; Baldred, of great rarity, 69*l.*; Kings of Mercia—Offa, fine and rare, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Coenwlf, rare, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Æthelheard, Archbishop of Canterbury, under Coenwlf, fine and rare, 29*l.* 10*s.*; Kings of Mercia—Ciowlf (unpublished), of great rarity, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Berhtulf, fine and rare, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Berhtulf, another, different, 10*l.*; Colwlf II., of the highest rarity, perhaps unique, and very fine, 81*l.*; Kings of Northumberland—Anlaf, very rare, 4*l.* 7*s.*; Eric, well preserved, rare, 14*l.* 5*s.*; Sole Monarchs—Ecgbearht (unpublished), fine and rare, 11*l.*; Ecgbearht, fine and rare, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Ceolnoth, very fine and rare, 17*l.* 10*s.*; Ælfred, fine silver, extremely rare, 8*l.*; Ælfred, 27*l.*; Eadweard I., 13*l.* 15*s.*; Æthelstan, 23*l.* 10*s.*; Harthacnut, 5*l.*; gold angel of Richard III., fine and rare, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Richard III. as before, but with rose and sun, 4*l.* 16*s.*; Henry VIII. silver, testoon, 6*l.* 6*s.*; gold, Henry VIII., sovereign, 6*l.* 10*s.*; gold, Edward VI., sovereign, 8*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Edward VI., sovereign, 8*l.*; Mary half-groat, 10*l.* 10*s.*; gold, Mary, sovereign,

fine, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Philip and Mary shilling, sixpence, and half-groat, 13*l.* 5*s.*; Mary angel, rare, 4*l.*; Elizabeth portcullis crown, 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Elizabeth half-crown and shilling, both poor, 6*l.*; gold, Elizabeth, fine sovereign, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Elizabeth noble or rial, 17*l.*; Elizabeth, half-sovereign, crown, and half-crown, 4*l.* 16*s.* Silver—James I., crown, 10*l.*; James I., thirty-shilling piece, 10*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; James I., sovereign, 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; James I., noble or rial, extremely rare, fine, cracked, 6*l.* 5*s.*; James I., fifteen shilling-piece, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Charles I., pattern half-crown, 7*l.*; Charles I., Oxford pound, 1643, well preserved, 8*l.*; Charles I., Oxford half-pound, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Charles I., celebrated Oxford crown, by Rawlins, extremely rare, but poor, 48*l.*; Charles I., Chester half-crown, rare, but of coarse work, 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Gold—Charles I., Oxford treble sovereign, 8*l.*; a ditto, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Charles I., Briot's sovereign, 11*l.* Silver—Siege Coins, Carlisle three-shilling piece, very rare, 8*l.* 10*s.*; Carlisle shilling, 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Carlisle shilling as before, 4*l.* 12*s.*; Colchester, octagon shilling, fine and rare, 11*l.*; Colchester, circular, 10*l.*; two Pontefract shillings, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Inchiquin crown, 5*s.*; Ormond crown, half-crown, and shilling, 5*l.* 15*s.*; Commonwealth, Blondeau's pattern, half-crown, 9*l.* 5*s.*; Cromwell crown, half-crown, and shilling, fine, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Cromwell pattern ninepence, fine and rare, 6*l.* 6*s.* Gold—Cromwell broad, very fine, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Cromwell half-broad, very rare, 16*l.*; Charles II., Simon's celebrated petition crown, from the Dimsdale, Thomas, Cuff, and Wigan Collections, so called from having the edge inscribed with petition from Simon to the King, 86*l.*; Charles II., the "Reddite" crown, from the same die as the preceding, the words "Reddite" quæ Cæsaris, &c., 51*l.*; Charles II., pattern for a gold crown, in gold, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Charles II., Hammered twenty and five-shilling pieces, both well preserved, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Charles II., five-guinea piece, very fine, 8*l.* 12*s.*; gold, James II., five-guinea piece, 7*l.* 5*s.*; gold, William and Mary, five-

guinea piece, 10*l.*; George III., pattern crown, 1818, 10*l.*; George III., pattern five-guinea piece, 1777, by Yeo, in the finest state, 18*l.* 10*s.*; George III., pattern two-guinea piece, very rare, 10*l.*; gold, William IV., brilliant proof from the Crown die, extremely rare, 22*l.*; Victoria, pattern crown, 6*l.*; Victoria, mint set, in case, gold, five-pound, sovereign and half-sovereign; silver, crown to the groat, &c., very fine, 13*l.* 10*s.*; Cromwell, Dunbar medal, 8*l.* 5*s.* Scotch coins—Alexander II., penny, very rare, 15*l.*; two Alexander II., pennies, fine and rare, 12*l.* 5*s.*; James I., St. Andrew, fine and rare, 13*l.* 13*s.*; James I., lion and half-lion, 7*l.*; James III., unicorn and half-unicorn, fine, 6*l.* 6*s.*; James III., rider, fine and rare, 4*l.* 4*s.*; James IV., two-thirds rider, fine and very rare, 5*l.* 5*s.*; James V., bonnet piece, fine and rare, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Mary, lion, fine and rare, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Mary, half-lion, fine and rare, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Mary, regal, rare and well preserved, 9*l.* 5*s.*; James IV., twenty-pound piece, 20*l.*; Mary, penny, fine, and extremely rare, 9*l.*—Total of three days' sale over two thousand pounds.—*Daily News*, May 18, 1879.

“CHIEF WAUBUNO” CRITICISED.



SEE that the arch humbug, Chief Waubuno, *alias* John Wampum, has been paying his respects to the Governor-General, and presented an address purporting to be from the Moravian Indians of the Thames. Two of the signatures to the address are forgeries. The tomahawk he carried belonged about as much to Tecumseh as did those bones we heard so much of several years ago. The inscription on it says he was killed in 1812, but history informs us the battle of the Thames was fought in 1813. The arrow mentioned as coming from the North-west was whittled out of a stick in the township of Oxford. The address is a tissue of historical inaccuracies and falsehoods. None of

the tribes mentioned came to Canada at the solicitation of Sir William Johnson. In fact they did not come until ten or twelve years after the close of the revolutionary war, and they came from Ohio and not from Delaware. These are historical facts, and of course the whole of the fine spun, figurative and eloquent language about the "Waters of the lake," the "silver chain and Wampun belt," resolves itself into the veriest fraud. Then again, the address says: "While other Indian tribes enjoy a handsome annuity paid to them in money, your children, if they could not help themselves, would be entirely destitute." The fact is the Moravian or Delaware Indians of the Thames, numbering between 250 and 300 souls, receive annually somewhere about \$6,000, besides being free from taxation. Yet, in the face of this, Waubuno endeavours to excite the pity of his auditor and asks that presents of blankets be again given them. I am surprised that Deputy Superintendent Vankoughnet allowed himself to be made the medium through whom this old villain gained an audience of his Excellency. Did he come properly accredited with a letter from Mr. Watson, the agent? Or is this not necessary when the "Chief" wishes to air himself before Her Majesty's representative? If our esteemed Governor-General has many such "children," I would beg to remind him that the wise man said "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and the next time Waubuno pays him a visit to have the strongest man about the department apply the "cats" to the scamp and send him off with a sound admonition. I think it is high time this old fraud was set before the public in his true character. He is a Muncy and his real name is John Wampum. Some years ago he acted as interpreter for the Church of England at Muncytown, but on account of dishonesty lost the situation. After moving to Moraviantown, he some ten or twelve years ago became an active temperance advocate, visiting many lodges through the coun-

try, and collecting funds from the charitable for the erection of a temperance hall, or a church, or an organ, or whatever else suited the occasion. Every cent was used for his own private benefit, and not for the object for which it was solicited. He visited nearly every part of Ontario, and some six or seven years ago even went to England, always, in season and out of season, begging for some charitable object. He is not a chief, as he represents, and never was one, and carries no weight or influence with him among his people. The medals he wears are not his own, but borrowed ones. It is to be hoped that in the future neither Lord Lorne nor the public will allow themselves to be gulled by this inveterate old humbug. Yours truly, TRUTH.

THE URSULINES.

A PROPOS of the recent visit of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, we give an account of the founding of that ancient establishment:—

Mary Guyart, afterwards Mary of the Incarnation, is the first mentioned among the promoters of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. This remarkable woman was born in 1599, and after a brief period of married life was left a widow with an infant son. Distinguished for her piety and devotedness, she determined, as soon as her son had passed the helplessness of infancy, to enter the Ursuline Monastery at Tours, in old France. The purpose was carried out after twelve years of waiting, her son being then confided to the care of her sister. A dream and other supernatural intimations induced her to believe that she was called to labour for the conversion of the French and Indian population of New France. This was in 1631, at Christmastide. The dream is related

as follows:—Through a dark and perilous way she groped hand in hand with a lady whose countenance was unknown to her. A venerable personage directed the travellers by a motion of the hand, and they entered a spacious court formed by the buildings of a monastery. The pavement was of white marble, intersected by lines of vermillion. Over all this place seemed to brood the spirit of stillness and peace. On one side was a chapel of purest alabaster, upon the summit of which, as upon a throne, was seated the Virgin with the Divine Infant. She was gazing upon a desolate country, covered with mountains and precipices. In the midst of these gloomy wastes the spires and gable end of a little church could be perceived, just visible above the fogs. The Virgin looked with sadness on the dismal scene before her, and as Mary of the Incarnation pressed forward close to her seat, the Sacred Mother of Mercy turned towards her with a smile of welcome, and gently bending down, kissed her forehead. Then she seemed to whisper some message to the Divine Infant that concerned the salvation of souls. Mary of the Incarnation had not heard the words, but she knew their import, and her heart burned more than ever for the conversion of pagan nations. A year later the mystery was removed by "interior call" to devote herself to found a monastery of her Order in Canada.

In another distant part of France, near the little town of Alençon, in Normandy, stood the castle of the Seigneur of Vaubougon, the ancestral home of Madeline De Chauvigny, better known by the name of Madame De La Peltrie. She too had been moved, says the history of the Ursulines, by the appeals of some of the Canadian missionaries. She encountered many difficulties, but at length became known to Mary of the Incarnation at Tours, who recognized in her the mysterious unknown lady of her dream. With these two is associated the youthful and accomplished Mary De La

Troche, of St. Bernard, who was of the noble blood of the De Savonnières, and afterwards Mother Cecile De La Croix, who joined them at Dieppe. After a three months' voyage across the Atlantic, the pious nuns landed on the Island of Orleans on the last day of July, 1639.

For the time they secured the use of a small building on the wharf at Quebec, which they facetiously named "The Louvre." It consisted of two rooms, the larger of which was only sixteen feet square, a garret and a cellar. In the spring of 1641 Madame De La Peltrie laid the foundation stone of the monastery on the advantageous site granted by the Governor in the name of the "Hundred Associates." The deed specified that the donation of six arpents of land within the limits of the city of Quebec was to enable the said Rev. Ursuline Mothers to build a convent where they may live according to the rules of their institute and devote themselves to the education of young girls, French and Indian.

The monastery was at last in readiness to receive inhabitants. It was a stately edifice for the times, built of dark coloured, roughly shaped, blocks of stone. It was three storeys in height, its length being 92 feet, and its width 28. This was in 1642. In December, 1650, this building was destroyed by fire, some of the inmates narrowly escaping with their lives. The nuns were not disheartened, however, for the snow had not yet fully disappeared from the ground when they were seen clearing away, with their own hands, the rubbish that covered the charred foundations, in preparation for the work of the masons. On the 18th of May, in presence of the Governor and a goodly company, another foundation stone was blessed by Rev. Father Lalementier, and deposited with the usual ceremonies by Madame De La Peltrie. The following spring the monastery sustained a severe loss in the death of Mother St. Joseph Mary De La Troche. In 1652 the monastery, which forms a portion of

the present group of buildings, was completed. On the 22nd of June, 1686, an addition to the building was commenced, and in October of the same year a fire broke out which left only the walls standing, and it was not until three years later that it was completely restored. It is of course impossible to follow all the vicissitudes through which the Ursulines have passed since the establishment of the Order in Canada, nearly two and a half centuries ago.

It was here, on the 14th of September, 1759, the second day after Wolfe's memorable victory on the Plains of Abraham, that the gallant Montcalm was buried in the Church of the Ursulines. A member of the Order thus describes the event, as recorded in the "Histoire du Monastere":—

"At nine o'clock in the evening of that 14th of Sept., a funeral cortege issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little Church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers keeps time the measured footsteps of the military escort, De Rame-say and the officers of the garrison following to their last resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts De

Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence."

A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender. Through all the vicissitudes that attended the struggles in which Quebec has played an important part, the monastery of the Ursulines has survived, and prospered, and still furnishes materials for an interesting page in the annals of the time-honoured City.

THE ENGLISH MINT.



THE Annual Report for 1878 of the Deputy Master of the Mint has been published. In consequence of the continued depression of trade the demand for coin during the year was again below the average, and for the first time since 1870 the Mint was able itself to meet all demands for Imperial coin and to undertake the execution of the Colonial coinage required, without having recourse to contracts with private firms. The total number of pieces struck at the Mint was 24,491,230, as against 30,131,130 in 1877, and their value, real or nominal, £2,785,790 6s. 2½d. The total number of British coins struck during the year was 22,823,230, and their value as follows:—Gold, £2,132,245 10s.; silver, £614,426 11s. 10d.; bronze, £18,664 1s. 0½d.; making a total of £2,765,336 2s. 10½d. The coinage of gold, as will be seen from the above statement, but slightly exceeded £2,000,000, of which one-half consisted of half-sovereigns, notwithstanding that the number of sovereigns from the Sydney and Melbourne branches of the Mint received by the Bank of England during

the year was only £2,773,000, or less by nearly a million than the amount received in 1877. "It is clear, therefore," the report says, "that the smallness of the demand on the Mint for gold coin, which has now continued for three years, is due to the general contraction of trade rather than to any large and increasing supply of sovereigns coined in Australia."

Among the works executed by the Mint may be mentioned that of a bronze coinage for Cyprus. The total number of pieces struck was 650,000, of which 250,000 were piastres, 250,000 half-piastres, and 150,000 quarter-piastres. The coins bear the effigy of her Majesty, with the words, "Victoria, Queen."

Referring to expenditure, the Deputy Master says the Parliamentary vote for the expenses of the Mint for the year 1878-79 was £51,035, but the amount voted under the sub-head "Loss on worn silver coin withdrawn from circulation," £25,000, was soon after the beginning of the year found to be quite inadequate, owing to the unprecedentedly large quantities of worn coin sent in to the Mint for recoinage, and it became necessary in the month of July last to request their lordships to cause a supplementary vote for £30,000 to be submitted to Parliament to be accounted for under that sub-head.

U. S. COINAGE FOR THE YEAR.—The exhibit of the coins executed at the United States Mints for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, shows there were coined as follows: gold pieces, 2,759,421, valued at \$40,986,912; silver pieces, 27,228,400, valued at \$27,227,432.50; minor coinage, including five, three, and one cent pieces, 9,620,200, valued at \$97,798. Total pieces, 39,608,021, valued at \$68,312,142.50.

MR. HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS.



IN the *London Times* of Saturday, June 14th, is briefly recorded the decease of the distinguished naturalist and archæologist, Mr. Henry Noel Humphreys, which occurred at his residence in Westbourne-square, Hyde Park, at an age not far short of 70. A son of the late Mr. James Humphreys, of Birmingham, he was born in the Midland metropolis in 1809 or the following year, and received his early education at King Edward's School, Birmingham. Having spent some time in artistic studies in Italy, he published his first work, consisting of illustrations of Mr. W. B. Cooke's scenery of Rome and its neighbourhood. His next work, which bears date 1840, entitled "British Butterflies and their Transformations," he published in partnership with Mr. J. O. Westwood. This was followed by a similar work on "British Moths," three years subsequently. Among his most important works of an archæological character between this date and 1856 may be specified "Illustrations of Froissart's Chronicles," "The Parables of our Lord Illustrated," "The Coins of England," "Ancient Coins and Medals," "The Illuminated Books of the Mediæval Period," the "Coin Collector's Manual," the "Coinage of the British Empire," "Stories by an Archæologist," and especially his *magna opera*, so to speak, "The Art of Illumination," and "The History of the Art of Writing from the Hieroglyphic Period down to the introduction of Alphabets." Mr. Humphreys has contributed to lighter literature at all events one dramatic novelette, called "Goethe in Strasbourg," and he was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and to *Once a Week* in its palmy days, on subjects connected with his zoological and antiquarian researches.

DANIEL GREYSOLON, SIEUR DU LUTH.



ON July 2nd, of the present year, occurred the two-hundredth anniversary of the planting of the arms of France within the boundaries of Minnesota. by Daniel Greysolon, otherwise known as Sieur Du Luth, who bore the commission of Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada. We are told that Du Luth was not by any means a saint, and that he frequently gave cause of offence to the Jesuit missionaries whose zeal in extending the dominion of the Cross made them his rivals in the field of North-western discovery, and to some extent also in the fur trade. He was a native of the city of Lyons; but, too poor to lead the life of a gentleman in France to which his tastes and birth inclined him, he sought a career in the new world, and his enterprising spirit naturally led him to embrace the only one outside the profession of arms which was then open to bold and adventurous Frenchmen, in the wilds of Canada. He became a roving gentleman of the wild woods—a knight of the fur trade—a great chief of *courseurs des bois*, and he joined illicit profit with plenty of fun by engaging in a contraband traffic in brandy, which the highest officials winked at for the excellent reason that they shared in the profits of the beavers exchanged for the inspiring *eau du vie*. Du Luth played an important part at the councils of the savages around the lakes of the West. They looked upon him as a representative of the great monarch across the sea, of the splendour of whose court they had heard marvellous tales, and he could talk to them in the dialects of almost all the tribes that then roamed through the forests of the West. Prompt in expedients, daring in execution, he acquired a great reputation with the authorities in Canada, who were quick in times of peril to summon him to their councils and to profit by his advice. The name of Du Luth

has been happily bestowed on the only port which Minnesota boasts on the shores of the lake where the adventurous Frenchman first landed on the soil of Minnesota.

The State of Minnesota is so young in years, and its political history as a member of the civilized communities of the continent so brief, that people are apt to forget how far back the annals stretch which reveal the first footprints of those pioneers of civilization, the fur-trader and the priest, upon its soil. "A few names of early French explorers, Hennepin, Du Luth, Le Sueur, and others, snatched from such old chronicles as have come down to us, and affixed to the localities associated with their travels or labours, are all the memorials that are left to us of the mighty power which, 200 years ago, threw its shadow over a large part of the continent. Strong in conquest, but feeble in colonization, almost the only permanent remains on this continent of that colossal power which then aimed to stretch its sceptre over the world are to be found in Lower Canada, where the French race and language still survive as a monument of the days when France disputed the flag of England on every sea, and contended with her to share the spoils of the New World. But the early traditions of French association with the fur trade have remained unbroken in a continuous chain of French voyageurs, traders, and hunters, or their half-breed descendants in the same occupation, from the days of Du Luth to our own time. French was the language of the fur trade in all this region for many years before its political history as a territory began. French voyageurs were the first settlers of St. Paul, and the French half-breeds of Manitoba and Pembina are the descendants of the Frenchmen who, under the auspices of the North-western Company of Montreal, carried on the fur trade 200 years ago, west of Lake Superior over the region now occupied by a thriving British colony."

ENGLISH COPPER COINAGE.



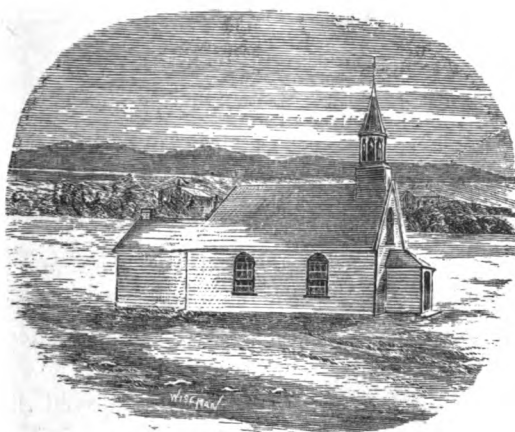
A PENNY saved is, according to an old proverb, a penny gained. This, however, is not invariably the case; and those who are hoarding old copper coin will do well to take note of some observations made on the subject of too venerable pennies by the Deputy Master of the Mint in his report for the past year. Notwithstanding the decrial of the old copper coinage in 1869, and the decision of "My Lords" at the Treasury, of which due notice was given to persons who had been in the habit of collecting the old coin, that it could not be received at its full nominal value after the 30th of July, 1873, applications have continued to be made at the Mint even during the past year from tradesmen and others, living chiefly in the country districts, to be relieved of trifling amounts of copper coin remaining in their hands. Some of the applicants appeared to have collected pence of a particular reign or year under the mistaken impression that the coin possessed some special value; but it was necessary to reply to all such requests that copper coin had, under proclamation of the 13th of May, 1869, ceased to be a legal tender from the end of that year, and could not be received at its nominal value. Such applications afford additional evidence of the length of time required for the complete withdrawal of a large coinage which has been for many years in circulation.

SERVIAN COINAGE.—The Paris Mint has commenced the coinage of 14,800,000*f.* in gold, silver, and bronze pieces for the Servian Government. This sum is divided into 10 millions francs in gold, 3 millions in silver, and the rest in copper. The die adopted is that of the Latin Union. Servia has no national money yet, and business has hitherto been transacted in the coins of the adjoining countries.

SILVER, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS
AGO.

REPORT of the recent meeting of the Maine Historical Society in the *Portland Press*, contains the following: "The third paper of the session, by Mr. Wm. Gooid, was an account of Wm. Vaughan, of Piscataqua, Martinicus, and Damariscotta. Vaughan was the projector of the Louisburg expedition of 1754, and a notable man in his day, having much to do with Government and mercantile affairs. The paper was a well-considered article, clearing up some doubtful points in colonial history, and bringing to memory once more others that had been nearly forgotten. The unwieldy bulk of silver currency was shown by the manner of reimbursement to the colonies for their outlay in the Louisburg expedition. After three years' delay the money was paid, amounting to £183,700. It was landed from a ship-of-war at Long Wharf, Boston, in the fall of 1749, in the form of 654,000 ounces or over 20 tons of silver, and 10 tons of copper coin. Silver then, and up to the middle of the present century, was the common standard and regulator of values, but it was required to be of honest weight. Although the amount of the payment was only \$800,000, it was contained in 215 chests, and probably it required 25 two-horse waggons to transport the silver alone from the ship to the Province House. Except £16,000, which belonged to New Hampshire, the people of Massachusetts appropriated this money, with a further sum from the Province Treasury, to redeem their depreciated paper currency at its market value."

The subscription lists for the Maisoneuve Monument, referred to in our last number, are progressing favourably; also, those for Champlain and De Salaberry. It will be creditable if all three works are worthily accomplished.



TADOUSAC AND THE CHAPEL OF STE. CROIX.

THE object of this paper is not to dwell on the grandeur and even sublimity of the wonderful Saguenay, which some travellers think is fit to rank with Styx and Acheron, and that Lethe must have been a purling brook compared with its wild, gloomy and savage character. The awful majesty of its mountainous and rocky shores, and its dark-grey cliffs of sienitic granite, in the crevices of which are rooted sombre-green firs from the pitch black water line to their lofty summits, fringing the blue sky, has been the theme of poets, and the admiration of all who are impressed with the austere beauties of nature, in her most wild and rugged aspect. To all lovers of the sublime it exercises a fascination which is irresistible. The contrast in its scenery and that of Lakes George, Champlain and Memphremagog, or the River Hudson from West Point to the Palisades, or the River St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Isles, is as great as that between *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

In the one landscape we may imagine Euphrosyne with
her

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles ;

and in the other Melancholy in her

Sable stole of cypress lawn,
All in a robe of darkest grain,—
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn.

After the voyageur has traversed the river in either of the well appointed and ably commanded steamers, the *Union*, or the *Saguenay*, or the *St. Lawrence*, and entered into communion with savage, unconquered nature, it would be well if he remained for even a week and enjoyed the quietude of Tadousac, which, according to Mr. J. C. Taché, "is placed like a nest in the midst of the granite rocks that surround the mouth of the Saguenay. It is a delicious place."

It cannot be called a town, or a village, or a hamlet ; it is not beautiful, yet there is to the writer an enchantment in the place ; it breathes a charm of ancient days, its very name takes us back to the cradle of the history of Canada, and to the beginning of its commerce with Europe, and more, to the very dawn of the Christian Religion and missionary enterprise on this continent. Jacques Cartier landed here in the beginning of September, 1535, about forty years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. In the mirror of the past we can see the intrepid mariner and his hardy companions planting the cross on the site of the little chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, of which more anon. For its restoration, enlargement and decoration I shall presently plead.

Tadousac, in the Montagnais dialect, means mounds, *Mamelons*. Some derive it from the Montagnais expression, *Shashuko*, which signifies *The Place of Lobsters* ; others say the meaning of the word Tadousac is the *The Mouth of a*

Sack; to some Indian Tribes it was known under the name of *Sadilege*.

At Tadousac Champlain found ships in 1610, and remarks that they had arrived as early as the 19th May; in 1622 it became a regular trading post, and in 1648 the Tadousac traffic yielded more than 40,000 *livres* in clear profit, and the commercial transactions, in amount, exceeded 250,000 *livres*; the weight of the furs being as much as 24,400 lbs.

The harbour of Tadousac is on the eastern side of the entrance to the Saguenay. It is a semicircular bay, with a sandy beach at its head, and rather more than half a mile wide and a third of a mile deep, and is so well sheltered in every direction that no sea of any consequence rises to prevent even a boat from entering the harbour. This bay or harbour played an important part in our early history as a stopping place for French and Basque vessels engaged in the fisheries, and we learn from Mr. J. M. LeMoine's *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* that Chauvin had founded a fishing port at Tadousac as early as 1599, but whether the ships or "argosies with portly sail," which first brought to our shores Cartier, de Roberval, Champlain, and Kertk, made use of the bay, or the small picturesque, and we may say unique cove of *L'Anse à l'Eau*, the *Chronicles* do not tell. It is very probable the bay was used as the harbour, because we learn by Mère de l'Incarnation that the Tadousac Fort was burnt with the dwelling quarters and church in 1665. The fort must have been in existence prior to 1628, for in that year the English Admiral, William Kertk, took possession of it, and subsequently it was restored to the French in 1632. In 1636 Father Paul le Jeune, a Jesuit missionary, came to Tadousac to convert the Indians; in 1642 Father Jean Dequen entered upon the mission with great courage, and was received with welcome and demonstrations of joy by the Indians, who erected a cabane, part of which was dedicated to

the worship of God and served as a chapel. In 1644 Father Jacques Buteux reconstructed the cabane partly with bricks imported from France, and herein the Indians used to assemble for religious instruction. Madame la Peltrie, accompanied by two nuns from the Ursuline Order, came this year to Tadousac and became godmother to the Indians, many of whom were baptized and initiated into the Christian Church, and, doubtless, they embraced their new religion with zeal, for in 1646 they erected a grand cross with great joy, accompanied by a *feu de joie* from the arquebusades belonging to the fort. On the foundation of Religion, as on a rock, is ever built the permanent advancement of a country, its reputation and its happiness. And Canada may well thank those noble hearts, who, as pioneers in the wilderness, and struggling with all its difficulties and dangers, maintained with courage and devotion the faith and habits of their fathers. We cannot measure the controlling influence of the Religion then instilled into the minds of the Indians in the Province of Quebec, or the beneficial effects it has had upon the civilization of their descendants. A writer in 1855 says: "The traveller through the backwoods of Canada often recognizes the clergyman, not by the habillements common to his calling, but by the weather beaten and mud bespattered look of one who travels far over the rough ways of the earth, to visit and to bring consolation to the poor and lonely." The same writer records having seen in Western Canada "the clergyman dripping with rain and bespattered with mud, having travelled thirty miles, and two more services to perform that day in the neighbouring district, and then having to retrace his way homewards another thirty miles." If such hardihood and devotion is worthy of praise, what must we say of the hardihood and devotion of those old Jesuit Fathers who were exposed in the winter at Tadousac to a degree of cold and its effects, which Milton, in his de-

scription of Satan and his compeers, after adverting to Styx, thus describes :—

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark, and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile : all else deep snow and ice.

What must we think of them? Ought not the present memorial of their work, the chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, to be rehabilitated and embellished?—Ought it not to be held as sacred as a shrine? What suffering and misery, what sad and painful episodes there must have been in the lives of those devoted missionaries, the pioneers of the civilization and evangelization of the once benighted regions of the Saguenay! The writer of this appeal, for such it will be, is an Anglican, one who has for many years enjoyed the boating and yachting in the Lower St. Lawrence, and the fishing in the Saguenay, the Bergeron and the Esquemain. After having had a rough passage in one of the decked fishing boats belonging to the family Hovington, whose name is as familiar as household words to all frequenters of the Tadousac Hotel, he has felt a relief to go into the chapel of Ste. Croix and offer up his Hymn of Thanksgiving.

But to return to the history of the chapel :—In 1647 the Jesuits brought a bell for the chapel, said to be the gift of Louis XIV of France; it was not injured during the fire of 1665, and is now hanging in the belfry of the present little church or chapel of Ste. Croix. The Jesuit Fathers held the mission until the year 1782. Father J. B. de la Brosse was the last, and it was he who built the confessional which is now to be seen in the sacristy, which is a very undignified portion of the chapel, and is as devoid of architectural embellishment as one of the ordinary cabanes of the district.

In 1747, during the bishopric of Monseigneur Dubriel de

Pontbriant, of Quebec, Father Coquart, Jesuit, blessed the ground on which the present chapel is built, and drove the first wedge. Monsr. Hocquart, Intendant of New France, granted all the planks, beams, shingles and nails necessary for the building. On the 16th of May, 1747, the foundation was laid, and it is recorded upon a piece of lead about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches square (see fac-simile of the original). From it we learn that in the year 1747, the 16th of May, M. Cugent was farmer of the Establishment; F. Doré, Clerk or Agent; Michael Lavoye, builder, and Father P. Coquart, Jesuit, being in charge of the Mission, laid the foundation of the edifice. In 1749 Father Coquart received 260 livres (francs) for the chapel, which was covered over (roofed in) that year. On the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1750, the chapel was completed and valued at 3,000 livres (\$600) by Mr. Guillerim, one of the Council of Quebec and King's Commissioner.

The interior of the chapel is very rude, ill garnished, and altogether dilapidated; it evidences a sign of poverty amongst the inhabitants, which poverty is alas too true, and although the visitor does not see the goblin cheek, the wretched eye, nor hear the long lamentable groan or whining of distress, yet the poverty is observable in the cabanes of the "natives," who depend chiefly for their subsistence upon the visitors who frequent Tadousac in the summer months.

The chapel and the hotel occupy the front edge of a plateau on the summit of an escarped height facing the bay or harbour, which has a fine sandy beach. This beach is a safe play-ground for children, and, in calm weather, is free from surf and convenient for boating and bathing. It is also a safe resting place in a tempest for the sail boats of the fishermen, whose cabanes skirt the shores of the bay, and are within the sound of the chapel bell, which is very sonorous.

The chapel itself is very small and not large enough to ac-

commodate the people committed to the charge of the priest, Père Félix Gendron ; its dimensions being only 30 feet long by 25 feet wide, with a rudely constructed gallery in the west. In the so-called sanctuary there is a "gilded tabernacle," the gift of a Mrs. Conolly, wife of one of the "burgesses" of the Hudson's Bay Company. There is neither altar-piece nor altar-screen. The altar itself is poor in design, and devoid of apparel save some common wall paper of a floriated pattern, which material serves in the plain homely rectangular-shaped windows instead of mullions, tracery, and stained glass, with effigies of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and Evangelists. Within the altar rails are two oil paintings, date the 18th century ; they are meritorious pictures, and are, deservedly, objects of great attraction. The one on the right is called "The Guardian Angel." The principal figure is an angel reaching forth his helpful hand and conducting a child in the right way ; it is emblematic of the text in Psalm xvii. 5,— "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." The other, on the left, is the "Presentation of Mary in the Temple," and is signed Bauvais, 1747. Unfortunately, in consequence of the smallness of the windows, and the absence of light where there should be light, the good qualities of these paintings can neither be appreciated or studied. These paintings want to be not only cleaned and varnished, but to be relined, because the original canvasses are puckered and rotten, and partly detached from the stretchers. If not speedily put into the hands of an artist for restoration, these pictures will soon cease to exist, as the paint is, in some places, peeling itself from the canvas.

There are also three small paintings, not by any means equal to the others as works of art. One is the effigy of our Lord, another that of the Virgin Mary ; the former dates from the time when the Mission was under the charge of the Jesuits, and the third is one given by Father Duplessis to

Father Jean Baptiste Maurice, S. J., who died in 1746, and was the immediate predecessor of Father Coquart, who laid the foundation of the chapel, as already recorded. There are still preserved some chandeliers carved by the Jesuits; beyond these, the "Louis Quatorze Bell," and the paintings, there is nothing of special interest in the chapel, but there is, and always ought to be, an archæological interest in the site where the Cross was first planted at the mouth of the Saguenay, and where the Indians (Montagnais) of the district were baptized and received the sign of the holy cross in token of their new birth, and their admission to the privileges of Christianity. I should like to see erected on the site a chapel rivalling in beauty any on this continent, nay even the famous La Sainte Chapelle, Paris, or the Chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster Palace.

Not deeming such a consummation probable or possible, let those who have any veneration for their country's history aid the restoration of the present chapel. Let the descendants of those who played so important a part in the stirring times of Champlain, De Pontgravé, Montmorency, Maisonneuve, Laval, De Frontenac, La Salle, De Longueuil, Vaudreuil, Beauharnois, Montcalm, and De Salaberry, help to rescue the Chapel of Ste. Croix from its present degraded condition. The western porch with the steps leading thereto are in a wretched plight, the building itself requires not only renovation, but enlargement and decoration. For this purpose subscription boxes are put up in the chapel and at the Tadousac Hotel, and it is to be hoped that no visitor to this place of rest and recreation will omit to drop his spare silver into them. Assuredly all Christian souls ought to feel, no matter to what denomination they belong, that this cradle, as it were, of the Gospel in Canada ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. I have given as much information as I could possibly collect from the resident priest, who de-

plores not only the condition of his chapel, but the very poor condition of the people committed to his charge. Relative to the history of the Mission—those desirous to obtain more information will find it in the "*Relations*," or in some of the works collected in the library of the Historical Society of Quebec, now presided over by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, who has contributed much to the chronicles of the St. Lawrence. Enough has been written, I hope, to stir up the wills of not only the Roman Catholic, but the Protestant churchmen of the Province of Quebec to make the Chapel of Ste. Croix worthy the name it bears. The source of the stream of evangelizing and christianizing the Indians of Canada, the Montagnais, Iroquois, Chippeways, Algonquins, &c., must be traced to Tadousac, whence it has flowed to places which the mighty waters of the River St. Lawrence, with its chain of lakes, have not reached. The benefit of having the descendants of those savage and warlike tribes peaceful and industrious is not to be measured by their lacrosse playing. The precepts of the Christian religion first taught their forefathers by those Jesuit missionaries have destroyed the turbulence of their passions and softened their manners. If Runnymede, where the "palladium of liberty" and the basis of the English laws and constitution was commenced in the Magna Charta, is considered a hallowed spot by Englishmen, so ought Tadousac to be so considered by Canadians for the introduction of a greater liberty, a charter, now written in a language understandable by the once unlettered and ignorant and implacable Indian.

Enough and enough. The enlargement and restoration of the Chapel Ste. Croix rests with the readers of this appeal. But there is another appeal which ought to be answered at once.

Adjoining the chapel is a "graveyard" grown over with thorns and thistles, wild raspberries and rank weeds, which overtop the rude wooden memorials sacred to the ashes of

those reposing within its precincts. The cost of clearing it and of the erection of a large cross, symbolic of the faith of all Christians, can be defrayed at the cost of about fifty dollars, which the descendants of those buried in "God's Acre" cannot through their poverty do.

Hoping and believing this appeal will not be in vain, I commend the restoration of the chapel, the clearing of the graveyard and the erection of the cross, to all whom it may concern, and simply sign myself

THOMAS D. KING.

July 30, 1879.

P. S.—Since the above was written, the author visited Tadousac and superintended the clearing of the grave-yard and the erection of a large cross which is visible from the entrance of the Saguenay. The grave-yard has been divided by means of gravel walks into four parterres, and the ground sown with white and red clover. At the intersection of the walks, a Latin Cross, 18 feet high, with trefoil finials, and three steps at its base, was erected on Friday the 7th of August, and on the Sunday following, in the afternoon, it was blessed by Père Felix Gendron, in the presence of his congregation and many visitors. After the religious ceremony, Père Th. G. Rouleau delivered a very eloquent and impressive oration in the French language upon the symbolism of the Cross.

Upon clearing away the brambles and brushwood which encumbered the graveyard, nothing possessing archaeological interest was discovered. There were only two little unassuming head-stones, with brief inscriptions, and one iron cross with open fret work. The other monuments commemorative of the dead were merely wooden slabs and plain wooden crosses, painted black, the majority without any su-

perscription, and many of them rotten or dilapidated. All were as rude and simple as the people who inhabit the neighbourhood. These unlettered people, however, have not been guilty of erecting those "expressionless inanities" and "ambitious incongruities" which adorn our Mount Royal cemeteries, many of them travesties of monumental art, with tablets filled with pompous epitaphs. Death has not been parodied by them, nor its aspects made horrible by the introduction of scythe-bearing skeletons, deaths' heads and cross-bones,—or by grinning skulls, sickly angels and cherubim,—or by trumpets, doom-bells, and sand-glasses.

The writer would have erected a copy of one of the ornamental floriated crosses of the early part of the 16th century, had the means been at his disposal, but as the subscriptions obtained in the alms-boxes at Fennel's Hotel and the chapel of Ste. Croix, during his stay at Tadousac, only amounted to about fifty dollars, he could do no more. He desires to return his thanks to those who so cheerfully and quickly responded to his appeal, thus enabling him to do the first portion of the work.

The second portion, viz.:—The enlargement and decoration of the chapel is yet to be done. And, as he thinks that following the almost universal practice of commemorating the dead by means of monuments is a laudable one, it would be fitting to do so in the case of Jacques Cartier, de Roberval, Champlain, Laval, and other early pioneers of our commerce and civilization. Again, he thinks that no more graceful memorial could be erected to their honour than the enlargement and decoration of the chapel of Ste. Croix, and he fervently hopes that *Canadians* of every creed and nationality will unite in jointly and severally contributing a sufficient sum to commence the work in the spring of 1880.

T. D. K.

LITERARY AND HISTORIC.

(From Quebec Morning Chronicle)

E have been requested by El Conde de Premio Real to publish the following :—

QUEBEC, 2nd June, 1879.

Dear Sir,—The interest you have recently manifested by the publication of a volume on our archives, etc., makes me hope you will continue to help on the cause of Canadian History, by allowing your name to be associated to the solution of the following questions :—

The plan recently adopted in Montreal of inserting questions in some widely circulated journal, has been attended with beneficial results ; prizes might here also be offered and awarded by a Committee composed of the President of the "Literary and Historical Society," and the President of "L'Institut Canadien" at Quebec.

1st Prize, \$10,

for whoever will solve the largest number out of the following ten questions :—

1st. In what part of Quebec was its founder, Samuel de Champlain, buried ?

2nd. In what spot did the Marquis of Montcalm expire, on the morning of the 14th September, 1759 ?

3rd. Give all the names of Jacques Cartier's followers in 1535, on his voyage to Quebec.

4th. Had he any clergymen with him ? If so give their names.

5th. What was the name of the Lutheran clergyman whom Captain Louis Kertk, Governor of Quebec, incarcerated in the Jesuits' residence at Quebec for fomenting a rebellion during the time the city was held by the British, 1629-32 ?

6th. Give the names of all the Lieutenant-Governors of Quebec and of Gaspé, from 1762 to 1838.

7th. Give the names of all the French who remained in Quebec after Champlain's departure, 1629-1632

8th. Who was the first Lieut.-Governor of Gaspe?

9th. Where was the first model-farm in the Province of Quebec?

10th. What was the name and tonnage of the first Canada-built ship?

2nd Prize, \$5.

1st. Give all the origins of the word "Quebec."

2nd. Give all the origins of the word "Canada."

3rd. What were all the names of, and when were they given to, the Island of Anticosti?

4th. State proof, if any exists, of Bigot's treachery to the French Government during the siege of Quebec, in 1759.

5th. Of what origin was Donnacona, the chief who greeted Jacques Cartier in 1535.

Submitted by J. M. LEMOINE, Quebec.
Ilmo. Sr. Conde de Premio-Real, S. C. G., Quebec.

The said prizes (\$10 and \$5) are offered as above, to be awarded on the 15th January, 1880; and not only may both prizes be gained by one and the same person, but in such case one grand prize of twenty dollars (\$20) instead of the above two of ten and five dollars will be awarded.

EL CONDE DE PREMIO-REAL.

Count Premio-Real, Spanish Consul-General for British North America, at Quebec, following the example set at Montreal, offers prizes for the solution of questions in Canadian History. Last week we welcomed the publication of his handsome volume on the early discoverers of Newfoundland and Canada; this day we have a second proof of his interest in literary matters, affecting the history of the country, his official home for the last five years. We accept this

as of good omen, in fact a pleasant way of hitting off the *ennui* which the consular service may be subjected to in distant colonies. As to the questions themselves, we think them judiciously selected—some of them not too hard to dishearten the general enquirer; others, so knotty, for instance the resting place of Champlain, and spot where Montcalm expired, as to defy the ingenuity of our best antiquarians in the past. Can they all be solved on this side of the Atlantic? We shall see.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

CARLETON ISLAND.

THE papers of New York State have discussed the history of Carleton Island. Parkman has told of it, and so has Cape Vincent's local historian, but Canadian writers and records deal sparingly with its early career. Therefore when a party of Kingston excursionists recently explored its unshapely ruins, it is not to be wondered at that much enquiry was elicited, and that no one could clearly lift the veil of mystery surrounding the origin of the warlike embankment. A perusal, since undertaken, of several voluminous Canadian histories produced no reward. Fort Carleton has gone down to the grave in their sight unwept, unhonoured and unsung; were it not for that splendid epitome of the events of two centuries and in about Kingston and the Bay of Quinte, Dr. Canniff's "Settlement of Upper Canada," very little could now be written of it here. And still whether it was built by the French in 1673 or the English in 1778, will perhaps never be known, in the light of present records. So vague is the knowledge that we might speculate as we pleased on its history prior to 1750, ascribe the pile to Hottentots, Fenians or Zulus, and no one would dispute with us. It is not a little singular that while

Fort Frontenac has a historian for nearly every decade of the past 200 years, Fort Carleton, so near at hand, has been almost overlooked. Probably it was not as important as people in these later years esteem it to have been.

Carleton Island was known to the French most familiarly as the Island of Chevreux or Goat's Island. The English name was derived from Guy Carleton, "His Majesty's Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, over his Majesty's Province of Quebec, afterwards Lord Dorchester." The Fort is supposed to have existed in the days of the Indians and afterwards to have been occupied by the French, because of its commanding position. But, to speak authentically, its establishment as a British military post began with the American revolution, as a more convenient point for transportation and operations on the harbour than Fort Frontenac. After the defeat of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1779, many refugees sought shelter here, as being more safe than the fortified villages of Oswego and Niagara. Communications were regularly kept up with Niagara and Montreal. As the refugees remained at the Island eating the government rations, the able-bodied men were enrolled for service till the end of the war in 1783. Occasionally, groups or families would pass over to Cataraqui or Frontenac, and settle on the land here, because of its advantages for cultivation, and this was the beginning of a systematic settlement of Kingston, which received a great impetus through the proclamation of peace. The Island was at that time occupied by the 84th Regiment of Highlanders, levied in the Carolinas, and adopted into the Line. Though the Island came within the borders of N. Y. State it continued in the hands of the British till 1812, when the seizure of a sergeant's guard there by the Americans called attention to it, and led to demand for transfer to the United States.

For many years after the war of the rebellion, there was

much discussion as to whether Kingston or Carleton Island should be the station for the King's ships of war. Collins, the surveyor, who reported on the matter to Lord Dorchester, condemned Kingston port as too open to the lake and with poor anchorage, therefore he gave the preference to Carleton. Kingston he also condemned for its vulnerability to an attack from the land in rear. But on the point of defence Lord Dorchester decided against him, and it having been ascertained that the Island belonged to the United States, Kingston became the seat of military strength and headquarters of a wide district. The dockyard was built and forts erected. Anyone looking at the peaceful group of farm houses and crumbling ruins of the fort at Carleton Island can scarcely conceive that it gave Kingston so close a rivalry in the race for settlement.

The first settler of Marysburg, Colonel Henry Young, came from Carleton Island in 1783, by canoe, with his family. One of the earliest settlers on the bay, John Ferguson, was Barrack Master and Commissary at the fort in 1778, under transfer from Cataraqui. Sergeant-Major Clark was clerk and ordnance storekeeper from 1776 till 1790. His descendants live at Dalhousie.

During the rebellion the British Government built a few vessels on the island to carry provisions to Oswego and Niagara. The "Ontario," a war vessel of 22 guns, was built here; she was afterwards lost with all on board in a storm between Niagara and Oswego, while transporting a detachment of the King's Own Regiment under Col. Burton.

Carleton Island was an important trading post during the military occupation. A bartering trade was carried on between there and the townships about Kingston, but gradually the business was transferred over to Kingston. Mr. Maccaulay, like Richard Cartwright, was one of the refugees settling on the island, and began business there, supplying the

garrison. In 1794 he removed to Kingston, where his sons, the Rev. Wm. and Hon. John Macaulay, were born. He brought with him on a raft his log dwelling house, and placed it where it now stands (Dunlop's grocery) on the corner of Ontario and Princess streets.

A map of the Province of New York in 1779 places the island correctly. It is there called *Isle a la Biche*. The St. Lawrence is named the river *Cadarakoui*. Wolfe Island is styled "*Le Grande Isle*," and Howe Island is recorded as "*Isle Cauchois*."

Among the N. Y. State land grants in 1791 was one to Alex. Macomb, recorded in the printed "*Documentary History of New York*." He was granted 3,000,000 acres in the north of the State, then quite wild, but Carleton or Buck's Island was excepted as being an Indian reserve, to remain in charge of the State but to revert to Macomb's heirs if the State ever sold it. The State did sell to Colonel Hance some years ago, and if there are heirs, now is their opportunity to put in that favourite paper, a government claim, for indemnity.

Rev. John Taylor, in his copious notes of a mission through the Mohawk and Black River country in 1802, speaks of the many old forts encountered at Redfield, Sandy Creek, Carleton Island, and other places, evidently of ancient date from the character of the remains of fire-places, walls and entrenchments. The fortifications generally had five gateways and five sides. The trees in the trenches and around were even then of large dimensions, Pipes of a European mould had often been found there. These forts, the writer muses, must have been made by civilized people, as iron implements had been dug up in the ruins, a class of work unknown to the natives. Further, the natives never built forts so regular as these, and some of them from their rock cutting were stupendous for untaught savages to effect

without powder, which they could not have possessed. Mr. Taylor adds: "who built these works, when, and for what purpose, must remain inexplicable enigmas. Why have we no histories of such a nation as must have inhabited this part of the world? Were these the works of the ante-diluvians, or is it the land of Nazareth to which Esdras says the ten tribes travelled? Or is it the Vineland of the emigrant Swedes, who returned to their native country but once? Or are they the works of Spaniards in searching for gold, or was this land inhabited by the emigrant Mexican, after the Spanish conquest? That the works were not French or English is beyond a doubt." The celebrated Chief, Joseph Brant, writing in 1803, speaks of the abandoned works as the evident military defences of a people long since extinct. A tradition, he said, prevailed among the Indians, having been handed down, that in an age long gone by there came white men from a foreign country establishing trading houses. A friendly intercourse was maintained with the Indians, and their wives and countrymen flocked out to join them. This aroused the jealousy of Indians, who feared that the country would be taken from them. A secret council of chiefs from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi was held, and they resolved on a massacre on a certain night. The fidelity of the Chiefs prevailed, and the fatal determination was kept, and not a soul on that long lake and river border was left to tell the tale. John Morton, the intelligent Mohawk Chief, gave a different version of the tradition, and told of a long war between this mysterious people and the Five Nations, who finally extirpated them. Joseph Brant, it seems, judged the utensils dug up at these forts to be French, and made a search of the records in Paris to learn something of the early emigrants to the new world. All that he could find was that in 1520 several ships sailed from L'Orient to North America, freighted with traders, their

families and goods, to found a colony. Since nothing more was heard of them Captain Brant gave credit to the old tradition. The Indians have always held that these eastern lands were cleared and held before they came into their possession.

To romance a little, and perhaps not so widely, either, we may add that it is a legend of the Welsh that Prince Madog or Madoc went to sea with ten ships and three hundred men in the twelfth century and discovered land to the west. He made several voyages to and from the unknown land but finally was lost to the knowledge of his countrymen. If there be any connection between these voyagers and pioneers and the builders of these old forts and mounds, then their disappearance will be satisfactorily accounted for by the Indian traditions we have quoted. But romance and tradition aside, the ancient character of the ruins of Carleton Island and their vague history will always, no doubt, give them a speculative interest in the people of that section of the country. That the site may never again be drawn from its present peaceful occupation is a thought echoed, we trust, on both sides of St. Lawrence.

FATHER MARQUETTE, THE PIONEER PRIEST.



IN the spring of 1878 the remains of Father James Marquette were found at Point St. Ignace, not far from Mackinac, with its white cliffs and rocky shore. This discovery awakening the long-slumbering interest in the Jesuit explorer, resulted in the organization of the Marquette Monument Association, which was the offspring of an united effort on the part of Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, who vied with each other in honouring the memory of the man who claimed all this vast territory for the cross and the king.

Marquette began his career near where Superior, Huron, and Michigan meet and mingle, coming hither in the year 1667. He travelled from Quebec, by the way of Ottawa, and found the trails "blazed out" for him by the priests who had carried the cross and preached the gospel to the North-Western nations. He made a place for himself at the Sault, where he lived and laboured for a couple of years. But even the Sault was too much of an in-mission station for him, and so he went to the remote La Pointe, away up near the head of Lake Superior,

"The sh.n.ng, big sea water"

of the Ojibways. The following year he returned to the Sault.

The war clouds were by this time gathering, and serious dangers threatened the border. The Dakotas, with a desire for more territory, that has always had a tinge of old Rome about it, had shelved the calumet and whetted the scalping-knife, and Huron and Ottawa fled before them as from a plague. The Hurons, to the number of several hundred, assembled at Point St. Ignace, and Marquette went among them at that trying time.

It is believed the Père arrived at that place in 1671, as it is known that he was then there. He taught these lords of the lakes for some time, and later this band were joined by parties of Ottawas, of whom, in 1675, there were said to have been fully 1,500. Naturally, from the mission and the location of the Indians there, Point St. Ignace became a place of some considerable importance to the hardy traders who made the woody shores resound with their boat songs, and who paddled their own canoes, with their furry fortunes, to Quebec, over the better-known streams and lakes to the eastward. St. Ignace was quite a business point for these adventurous people, who were wont to store their goods there. It was from that mission Marquette radiated when

he made those memorable expeditions which culminated in the discovery by him of the Father of Waters. In the year 1673 he organized his little company. He took with him just five Frenchmen as companions and two Indians as guides. With these men he penetrated to the Mississippi, and floated down the stream in a canoe between the "broad plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests and checkered with illimitable prairies and island groves." On his return north he was conducted by some Illinois Indians from the river that still bears their name to where Chicago now stands, and near it he preached for a time the Gospel to the Miamis. In the autumn he journeyed northward once more to Green Bay, where he was stationed about a year. It is held by some authorities that he returned to Point St. Ignace, but others believe he never again saw that place alive. His explorations were resumed in 1674, and his canoe was for the last time turned southward. He was ordered to visit the Illinois Indians, and from Green Bay he started down along the western shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, performing the journey in his canoe. He reached what is now the Garden City on Dec. 4, 1674. It was the dead of a severe winter; the streams were frozen over, and the cold was intense, so he waited until the snows had disappeared before going further. In March he recommenced his travels, and visited the Indians, who were then living where the city of Rockford is now located. He laboured with the bands there for a season, but the hardships he had endured and the severities of the past winter began to tell upon him. His precarious health reminded him that his days were numbered; but, with that heroism which marked the great Livingstone, he was unwilling to give up the vast work which he felt was apparently just opening. He set out on his final journey, hoping at first to reach Point St. Ignace before death overtook him.

To quote from an old Illinois historian : "Marquette entered the little river in the State of Michigan called by his name (on his way to St. Ignace), and erected on its banks a rude altar, said mass after the rites of the Catholic Church, and being left alone at his own request, he kneeled down by its side, and offering up to the Mightiest solemn thanks and applications, fell asleep to wake no more. The light breeze from the lake sighed his requiem, and the Algonquin nation became his mourners."

There in that wild, lone place, on the banks of the Père Marquette River the body of the Jesuit explorer would have remained had it not been for some of the Indians who belonged to the old mission in the Straits. It appears that some of those Indians were out in hunting parties one spring, a year or two after, in Lower Michigan, and while there made a pilgrimage to the grave where Marquette was buried. The place was easily found, and it was suggested that the remains be taken to the old mission in the Straits of Mackinac. When the red man had smoked and talked about the subject, the remains were taken up, the bones disjoined and dried, and placed in a birch-bark box, which was put in a canoe, and in which it was transported to the mission at St. Ignace. The Ottawas conveyed their precious burden to the Straits, and on the way thither were joined by some friendly Iroquois, who united to form the fleet of canoes which escorted all that was mortal of Père Marquette to the mission. The body lay in the old chapel for a day; then it was interred under the altar in the same birch-bark box in which it had been brought from Père Marquette River by the Indians.

Once more the rapid changes of the then changing North-West came over the region, and with the new state of things there were altered mission stations and trading posts and frontier forts. The old mission at St. Ignace was abandoned

in the year 1705, and the chapel was destroyed by fire. The priests who used to live among the lake Indians retired to Canada, and the place where the chapel once stood became overgrown, and was lost for a time.

The mission was re-established after an interval of some years, but it was not till about forty-nine years ago when a missionary was placed in charge of the field and made his residence there. The border life, with its shifting scenes and many vicissitudes, soon lost all interest in everything but the name of Marquette, and regarded the discovery of his grave as a forlorn hope, the project of a visionary, an impossibility in the very nature of the case. But while the matter rested, it was by no means dead. It remained for one of Marquette's successors to make the interesting discovery. The man, whose name will be ever interwoven in the narrative of the finding of the body of the Père, was Father Jacker—pronounced as though it were spelled Yacker. This little man is a German, and a secular member of the Jesuit order. He is an accomplished linguist as well as something of an antiquarian. During his residence of half a dozen years at the mission he has given careful attention to the writings of the Jesuits, the reports of the traders, and the traditions of the lake Indians who still linger about the Straits. When he had satisfied himself as to the truth of the tale that Marquette had been buried in a birch-bark box under the old chapel, he began the labour of locating the foundations of the ancient house of worship. The chapel, or what remained of it, was found at last. The site had become overrun with vines and brush, and, moreover, the land was held by a tenacious old person, who at first declined to permit any excavations to be made.


He was finally persuaded that it would be a graceful act to allow the investigation, and the altar-place was selected and holes were dug. After the workmen had gone down

several feet they came upon a birch-bark box, which corresponded with the tales which history and tradition had related as the kind of casket that held Marquette's bones. The fragments were carefully collected, and, after a minute examination, were pronounced by competent authorities to be the remains of a human being. Then they were given a handsome receptacle, and placed within the chapel, the successor of the old one, and situated about half a mile from it.

This is the story, and the claim is about complete. There can hardly be any reasonable doubt that this is Marquette's body. It has rested for 200 years, with no shaft over it, and no inscription above it to tell that here lies the distinguished explorer-priest.

The Old Log-House, erected in 1794 by Governor Simcoe on the south side of the Kingston road, a short distance beyond the Don, was yesterday conveyed from its original site to the Exhibition Grounds. The building was taken to pieces and conveyed to its new site on four waggons, which passed along King-street shortly after mid-day. On the leading waggon was the York Pioneers' flag, while the Union Jack floated from that in the rear.—*Toronto Globe, July 22.*

EDITORIAL.

E regret that in presenting the first number of a new volume we have to apologize for a longer delay than has ever happened in our issue since the commencement of THE ANTIQUARIAN. It has arisen from an accident which rendered it necessary for us to cancel several pages after it was in type, and other circumstances which we could not control. We hope such a mishap may never befall us again.

We have to thank our friends for their patience with us, and repeat our hopes of more faithful performance in the future.



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CANADIAN TEMPERANCE MEDALS.

BY R. W. McLACHLAN.

*(Read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society
of Montreal.)*



NCE and again have records come down to us of wonderful movements towards reform taking hold of nations,—wonderful, not merely on account of grand results, but because of the great self-sacrifice, to those wont to gratify every desire, necessary to such achievement. These movements seem to spring, often without apparent warning, almost instantaneously from the people. Under a mighty leader, customs encrusted with centuries, and habits confirmed by ages of practice, are dashed aside as stubble before the onslaught. Yet such, apparently, impulsive actions are only the outward results, the coming to fruit, so to speak, of years of deep and anxious thought. Like as the rapid fungoid growth, that suddenly springs from the trunk of the decaying oak, is the bursting into fruit of the plant that had for years been permeating

into every cell and tissue of the tree; so these movements are only the outcome of steady and prolonged heart-searchings unseen.

Many are the impulses of this nature that have, from time to time, impelled our race in its onward course. Some only attempts relinquished when the task was found beyond the powers of untried energies; others tending in a wrong direction; yet all resulting from the better motive implanted within; the struggling and straining after the higher and nobler when thoroughly conscious, through ease and indulgence, of sinking deeper and deeper into barbarism and imbecility.

As one of these, and by no means of the least importance, may be classed the Temperance Reform that burst in upon us in the early part of this century. There were those, an ever-increasing number, who long and earnestly felt that the people were sinking through over indulgence. A shadow, deep and ominous, in shape of increasing and unceasing tap-room revelry, to them, seemed to hang over the land, debasing and erasing all of what, to man, is pure and holy.

Stout hearts and brave were those who first attempted to stem the tide. Struggling on, at length, they were rewarded, now and again, by grand expressions of popular enthusiasm helping them towards their desired goal—a reformation of their country.

The temperance cause first came into full fruition in the United States; and from thence its apostles early carried the standard to this land with, varying although often, wonderful success.

The movement having taken deeper root in Nova Scotia than, perhaps, any of the other provinces, it is with it that this account will begin. As regards the mother-land, it did not, nor do circumstances indicate that, in England at least, it will soon, like a conquering army, carry all before it. For

there, although by no means lacking workers, no great popular demonstrations have helped on the cause. But under Father Mathew, in the short time allotted him for work, all Ireland was renovated. Wherever he turned thousands came flocking to his standard. Of all temperance efforts his was the most brilliant and successful.

Spreading beyond the scenes of his labours, the movement took root among his countrymen in Canada, and through them extended to the French-speaking part of our population. Afterwards under Father Chiniquy great results for the latter and by them were achieved.

And while this reformation has left an enduring impression on our times, much of its story remains unrecorded. No high sounding praises tell on the pages of history, of the wonderful deeds of many who first battled with, that mighty giant, custom and indulgence. But all has not so perished. Then let us not mourn over the irretrievably lost, searching rather the more eagerly for what may yet be found. The history of the movement has not altogether sunk into oblivion with those who were first actively engaged in its promotion. Do not the praises of some of its heroes still ring in our ears.

It is not of the story of the movement nor of its great men, but of its medallic history, telling in indellible characters of its influence and of their deeds in this country, upon which it is intended that this paper should more particularly dwell.

It was usual with the early temperance reformers to give some token or badge of membership to those joining their ranks. These tokens often took the more convenient form of medals. So far, eleven of these medals, relating to Canadian temperance societies, have come under my observation. There may be others of the existence of which I am ignorant ; but leaving such to a more worthy pen, those that

have appeared in tangible metal will be taken up chronologically, commencing with that of the Nova Scotian Temperance Society, which, without doubt, has priority in age.

I. *Ob.* : NOVA SCOTIA. In field, UNION IS STRENGTH, with Maltese Cross underneath ; the whole partially enclosed by two sprigs of mayflower.

Rev. : TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. In field, TOKEN OF MEMBERSHIP, enclosed by mayflower as above.

This medal was struck about the year 1832 for distribution among the members of the society. As has been previously stated, the temperance reform took an early hold on the people of Nova Scotia ; even in 1829 societies for its promotion were organized. The Halifax society was founded in 1831, and became very active in the cause, establishing branches in different parts of the Province. By its officers and those of its branches these medals were given to every one signing the pledge, which act constituted all such as members. The society in 1841 gave place to the Sons of Temperance, when they spread over the country.

II. *Ob.* : ROM. CATHC TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION. *Ex.*

REV. P. PHELAN, Pres. MONTREAL, feb. 23, 1840. Arms, consisting of shield with lamb to left above and radiated I.H.S. below. Crest, a radiated cross surrounded by the word PLEDGE. Supporters to the right, a man with flag inscribed SOBRIETY ; to the left, a woman with DOMESTIC COMFORT on her flag. A rose, shamrock, and thistle, on the groundwork.

Rev. : O MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE, THAT WE CHASTE & TEMPERATE BE. *Ex.* J. ARNAULT. The Virgin standing on a globe in the act of trampling a serpent. The globe is inscribed CANADA with the letter M and a cross in the foreground.

J. Arnault, whose name appears on this medal as its en-

graver, came here, from France, on the invitation of the gentlemen of the Seminary. He remained in Canada about fifteen years under their patronage, when he returned to his native land. His workshop was located in Craig Street, near the place now occupied by Chanteloup's brass foundry. This medal we can class not only as Canadian, but of Canadian workmanship, and while it is one of the earliest medals struck here, it shows some considerable degree of merit. The obverse is copied from that appearing on the Father Mathew medals, which in turn seems to have been adapted from the design prevailing on the medals of the London Temperance Society. The supporters, a man whose motto is "Sobriety," and a woman, with "Domestic comfort" written on her banner, as the result of sobriety in her husband, are intended to represent that by adhesion to temperance principles will return the departed home joys of former days. The Catholic Temperance Association, like many others, was first organized for the promotion mainly of moderation, but it was soon found that simple moderation did not work well in the reclaiming of those accustomed to excess ; so in the following year (1841) on the anniversary Sunday of its founding, it was re-organized into a total abstinence society. The reverend president, whose torch was lighted at the blaze of temperance enthusiasm kindled by Father Mathew, was the heart and soul of the movement, and continued to work in the cause in Montreal until transferred to a higher sphere of labour as Bishop of Kingston.

III. *Ob.*: PER IPSUM ET CUM IPSO ET IN IPSO VINCES.—

Arms as last, save that the position of the supporters are changed, the man being to the left, over which an angel hovers with a crown of laurel ; the woman, to the right, stands regarding the cross, while an angel is about to decorate her with a garland. At their feet are two children seated.

Rev.: HALIFAX ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY. THE VERY REV^d JOHN LOUGHNAN, V. G., PRESIDENT. A Greek cross inscribed: PLEDGE. I PROMISE TO ABSTAIN FROM ALL INTOXICATING DRINKS, &c EXCEPT USED MEDICINALLY AND BY ORDER OF A MEDICAL MAN, AND TO DISCOUNTENANCE THE CAUSE & PRACTICE OF INTEMPERANCE. The corners of the cross are radiated, and the four spaces contain the words: FOUNDED. 24TH JAN., 1841. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

This is a faithful copy of the Father Mathew medal in every particular, except in the name of the Society and place and date of issue. It shows how wonderful and wide spread the influence of his efforts in Ireland. From this we would infer that Father Loughnan must have spent some time in Ireland with the Apostle of Temperance and carried away some of his enthusiasm. Of the movement thus inaugurated in Halifax I have not been able to learn much, but am under the impression that it was strong and powerful, and has proved lasting and far-reaching in its results.

IV. *Ob.*: IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. Arms as last, except that the angel with the garland is wanting; the inscription on the flags are respectively LA SOBRIETÉ and LA FELICITÉ DOMESTIQUE, and the name of the engraver, DAVIS, BIRM., is under the groundwork.

Rev.: SOCIÉTÉ D'ABSTINENCE COMPLETE À CORK, LE TRES REVEREND T. MATHEW, PRESIDENT. A Greek cross as last inscribed. PROMESSE. JE PROMETS DE M'ABSTENIR DE TOUTE SORTE DE BOISSON ENIVRANTE EXCEPTÉ EN CAS DE MALADIE ET PAR ORDRE D'UN MEDÉCIN. JE PROMETS EN OUTRE D'ÉVITER TOUTE CE QUE PEUT CONDUIRE À L'INTEMPERANCE. In two upper spaces or corners ETABLIE. 10 AVRIL, 1838.

This is, to all intents and purposes, a French Father

Mathew medal. The Pledge and other inscriptions are almost literal translations. The more I examined the closer did I find the resemblance to those distributed so abundantly throughout Ireland, I was therefore for a long time inclined to doubt its claim to be classed as Canadian, but these doubts have been long since cleared away. For there is no country using the French language in which undoubted English symbols, or rather medals of Birmingham workmanship, would be used. Against this may be argued, that we have the Colony of Mauritius and the Channel Islands, but in neither of these places did the temperance cause make much progress. There is also the fact touched on before, that the temperance reform spread among the French Canadians through inspiration received from the Father Mathew movement in Ireland. Another proof that may be mentioned is: that the specimen, from which this description has been given, was purchased from the collection of Mr. Boucher, who, as a Canadian collector, confined himself mainly to specimens picked up in Canada. He also assured me that it was issued to members of Canadian temperance organizations.

V. *Ob.*: *Ex.* ST. JEAN. John the Baptist standing with right hand raised; in his left he holds a long staff surmounted by a cross. By his left stands a lamb, and to the right are plants growing.

Rev.: TEMPERANCE. *Ex.* L. B. Near the bottom a beaver rests on two sprigs of maple leaves. The field has been left plain, no doubt that the recipient's name might be engraved thereon.

There is no date or other indication by which any knowledge may be gained of the time or place of issue of this medal. But as to time I cannot be far astray in placing it thus early in the list, believing it to have been struck after the Father Mathew series had been exhausted—that is about

the year 1845. And as to place ; it is undoubtedly of Canadian workmanship, and must have emanated either from Montreal or Quebec, most likely the former. The "L. B." on the reverse stands for the engraver's initials, but whose name is thus commemorated has been lost with the multitude of the forgotten dead.

VI. *Ob.* : IL NE BOIRA NI VIN NI AUCUNE LIQUEUR ENIVRANTE. John the Baptist standing holding in his left hand a long staff surmounted by a cross, from which hangs a ribbon inscribed TEMPERANCE, to the left is a stone ; and on the right are plants growing ; underneath a beaver rests on two sprigs of maple leaves. The engraver's name, DAVIS BIRM., is inscribed on the groundwork.

Rev. : JESUS ABREUVE DE FIEL ET DE VINAIGRE AYEZ PITIÉ DE NOUS. *Ex.* JE SERAI TOUJOURS FIDÈLE À MA PROMESSE. The crucifixion, with the Virgin standing on the left adoring. On the right is a Roman soldier in the act of raising a sponge on a pole. In the back ground is a Doric structure, probably intended as a representation of the temple.

The figure of John the Baptist, an improvement on the last, is an entirely new device. It was probably the only device in use from 1845 to the issue of the Chiniquy medals in 1853. This design seems more appropriate for a Canadian temperance medal than any yet adopted ; not simply because John the Baptist is Patron Saint of Canada, and his day celebrated by all loyal and patriotic French Canadians, as their national holiday, but because he was a Nazarite,—that is, observed, among other stringent rules, that of the teetotaller,—drinking neither wine nor strong drink all the years of his life.

VII. *Ob.* : MARIE JÉSUS JOSEPH. *Ex.* SOYÈZ FIDÈLE JUSQU'À LA MORT. The Virgin Mary and Joseph standing with the child Jesus between.

Ex. IN :: HOC :: SIGNO :: VINCES. At top a tablet inscribed ET VOTRE ÂME SERA PERCÉE D'UN GLAIVE. Under the tablet a heart pierced with a dagger and surrounded with a garland, inscription above SACRÉ CŒUR, below DE MARIE. Inscription in field—POUR L'AMOUR DE JÉSUS CRUCIFIÉ JE SERAI TOUJOURS FIDÈLE A L'ENGAGEMENT QUE J'AI PRIS DANS LA SOCIÉTÉ DE TEMPERANCE. A cross in the midst of the inscription, underneath a beaver resting on two sprigs of maple leaves.

This is the medal issued during the movement that had Father Chiniquy for its leader. From the faithfulness and earnestness with which he entered on the work, and the success which attended his labours, he has been called the Father Mathew of Canada. Probably next after the rebellion, his work stirred our unexcitable and peace-loving French Canadian peasant deeper than any other event in our history. With the exception of the beaver and maple leaves, indicative of its Canadian origin, the symbols displayed on this medal are altogether religious in their character. All the temperance medals heretofore issued, as will have been observed, gave some symbolic prominence to the object for which they were struck. It, therefore, seems strange that this one should lack all such allusion.

VIII. *Ob.*: Same as last.

Rev.: Similar to last. The heart is different in shape, the cross narrower, and the I in "IN HOC" opposite the P in "POUR."

The reverse of this medal is a copy of the last, somewhat inferior in execution, having a number of variations in the more minute details. As the obverse is identical with the last, I would infer that the reverse die was either broken or lost, and that a new one had to be engraved. It seems to lack the usual faultlessness in lettering and arrangement of the

Birmingham issue. Still it is in finish better than could be expected from a Canadian artist of the time. I am, therefore, inclined to the opinion that it is the work of a New York engraver.

IX. *Ob.*: Similar to No. VI. The name of the engraver is wanting.

Rev.: As No. VI.

With this medal we come to the fourth and last group—that is, those issued under the later temperance revival. It was struck, in 1878, by Mr. Lymburner, from dies engraved by Mr. G. Bishop. The copy (No. VI.) seems to have been faithfully followed, although the workmanship is considerably inferior. Some five hundred of them were struck and issued to the members of a temperance society at Lachine.

X. *Ob.*: ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, MONTREAL. ESTAB. FEB. 21ST, 1841. Arms as in No. III. Above, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. Beneath is a ribbon attached, inscribed TEMPERANCE. CHARITY. RELIGION.

Rev.: Plain.

This medal was struck during the present year from a die engraved by Mr. J. D. Scott, the same artist who engraved the dies for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society's medal. It shows evidence of a considerable degree of merit. When placed beside the first medal issued by the same society nearly forty years ago, we can have no cause to complain regarding want of improvement in our Canadian art. The old design is here revived, which is perhaps as appropriate as any heretofore used. Only twenty-five impressions were struck off when the die was accidentally broken. A new die has been ordered which, it is expected, will be completed before the end of the year.

XI. *Ob.*: A Greek cross with the ends terminating in *fleur de lys*. On the top arm is a triangle enclos-

ing the all-seeing eye ; the bottom has a beaver ; the left RELIGION, and the right PATRIE. Re ting on the cross is an oval medallion of blue and white enamel, inscribed SOCIÉTÉ DE TEMPERANCE EGLISE ST. PIERRE, MONTREAL. A cross, with a spear and sponge, stands on a rock. Surrounding the medallion is a wreath of ears of wheat and maple leaves.

Rev. : Plain.

Although this can hardly be classed as a medal, partaking more of the nature of the badge ; yet because of the chasteness of the design I notice it here. It was manufactured in Paris about a year ago. The society which it represents is at present actively engaged in temperance work. It recognizes two distinct forms of membership,—those who promise moderation and others who give in their adhesion to total abstinence principles. Medals are given to the former in brass while the latter receive theirs in silver. Those intended for the officers of the society differ slightly from either.

When, at the last meeting, I promised a paper on this subject, I had no idea that it was half so extensive, or so interesting, as it has proved to me ; neither did I expect when I commenced writing it, that it would have occupied so much of your time. For this trespass I would ask your indulgence, as also for bringing a subject, not at all popular with many, so prominently before you. But if I shall have interested some in a series of Canadian medals, having relation to movements in the history of its people, grand and lasting in their effects, I shall be amply rewarded in this my first effort of the kind before this society.

The Sydney, N. S. W., Mint has made arrangements for an issue of a new silver coinage.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

THE SWISS COLONISTS IN MANITOBA.



WE are indebted to our friend, Mr. E. A. Bulger, for the loan of a number of original letters with reference to the above subject. Mr. Bulger's father was Commandant at Fort Douglas, and the information furnished is extremely valuable, enabling us to supplement the article in our April number, and also to correct some mis-statements.

Probably in consequence of clerical errors in the M.S. furnished to us, we stated the name of the Earl of Selkirk to be Thomas *Dundas* instead of *Douglas*, and the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company as *Alexander McDowell* instead of *McDonell*.

We also stated that Fort Douglas was situated on the west branch of Red River, "*near* the site of the present Fort Garry," whereas, from an early plan of Winnipeg, the property of Mr. Bulger, it is clearly shown that Fort Douglas stood on a fork of the river several miles distant from Fort Garry.

The agent of Earl Selkirk, who was mainly instrumental in inducing the Swiss settlers to emigrate to the Red River, is described as

"M. Rodolphe de May d'Utzenstorf Burgeois de Berné, Capitaine au Service Britannique, et Commissaire Plenipotentiaire du Comte de Selkirk m'oblige pour lui et en son nom, comme possesseur de la Colonie de la Riviere Rouge et des terres a elle appartenantes dans l'Amerique Septentrionale."

It is clear that Captain May exceeded his authority in his promises to the intending emigrants, and even before they left Switzerland murmurings and discontent had arisen, the following letter will show that even the abandonment of the project was imminent :—

London, 6th April, 1821.

I have received your letter of the 23rd ult., and am sorry to find that some malicious persons have been deceiving the emigrants whom you had engaged at Neuchatel—the only person to whom I wrote is a Mr. Riser of Renan—and I send you his letter to me and my answer—the proposal made in the letter addressed to you by the meeting of emigrants is founded in misapprehension, or an intentional breach of their engagement, after having by their agreeing with you induced me to charter a fine large ship at a heavy expense—their proposal, however, cannot be agreed to—nor indeed any other terms than those contained in your prospectus. I never wrote to any person holding out any other terms or expectations, and it appears to me to be a wilful falsehood, if the contrary is asserted by any person whatever. I have now already incurred the principal part of the expense of transporting these people, and I still hope they will see their error and fulfil their engagements. If I had not chartered the ship, I should have been quite indifferent whether the people went to Red River or not. I expect to hear from you soon, and remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

Captain R. de May.

(Signed) A. COLVILLE.

We have next a letter from Captain de May to Mr. Alexander McDonell, dated from Dort, in Holland, 24th May, 1821, which explains very minutely the status of emigrants then about to embark:—

“I suppose, of course, that when you were last in London, Mr. Colville has communicated to you the commission and full powers with which he has entrusted me to engage in Switzerland and Germany settlers for the Red River Settlement, of which you are Governor; in consequence of these orders I am embarking now and sending off to Hudson’s

Bay a transport of about 175 settlers of all ages, almost all Swiss,—good, honest, and industrious people. I shall take the liberty to recommend them most particularly to your protection and good offices—the more so, on their being pleased with their new situation and writing the same home to their friends, depends entirely our future success in getting more settlers, of which we shall get thousands of families if these write encouraging letters to their friends and relatives—it is therefore a matter not only of humanity but of policy to do everything to make them contented and happy. This letter, as well as a detailed list of the party and a set of copies of the printed and stamped engagements of the settlers, in each of which you will find what they have paid on account, and what they owe yet for their passage money, will be delivered to you by Mr. De Huser, a gentleman of the highest respectability, of excellent character and many talents, who goes out by Mr. Colville's order as Commissary to govern and conduct the settlers to Red River; he is a particular friend of mine, and I take the liberty to recommend him most particularly to your notice and good offices; he is to be kept free of expenses in everything according to the rank of a gentleman; he is to stay the winter at Red River, the next spring he is to be sent down to Hudson's Bay, hereafter passage provided for him to England, from whence Mr. Colville will send him on to Switzerland, where he is to publish a general report of the state of the settlement, the treatment the Swiss settlers have received, and how they are pleased with their new country,—if this report is favorable, as I hope, several hundred families, mostly with property, will emigrate to Red River in the spring of 1823, with whom M. de Huser will return to the colony, and then stay and settle there; as, therefore, a great deal depends on his favorable report in Switzerland, it will be more politic to treat him well and kindly, as the settlers are highly at-

tached to him already, it will be proper and prudent to give him the management of them as long as he stays, and when he returns. I requested, and I suppose that Mr. Colville has given or sent you necessary orders and instructions about it, that the settlers might be divided from the beginning into several districts, the first party being small it is only necessary to divide them into two separate districts, but not far distant from each other, all the Germans into one, and the French into a second," etc.

The remainder of the letter is occupied in introducing by name several of the more influential settlers, with description of their rank and position, etc.

A letter from M. Walther de Huser, the Commissioner appointed by the Swiss Government to take charge of and accompany the settlers, dated Fort York, August 24th, 1822, announces their arrival two days previously. This letter is addressed to "Mr. Bulger, Governor of Fort Douglas, at Red River."

Early in 1823, it became evident that many of the Swiss settlers were making arrangements to leave the colony for the United States. Mr. Bulger interrogated some of those most active in this movement, and the reason given was mainly as follows:—

"The promises made to us in Switzerland have not been fulfilled, we were not nourished the first year as was promised; our baggage was left at the sea, and even this year the greatest part of it was left there also; we gave almost all we had last winter for provisions, and we suffered much misery. This country is not what the prospectus stated it would be,—the winters are too long,—we never can become farmers here,—we cannot live here,—we are not hunters,—to obtain a little meat we run the risk of being killed by the Indians or being frozen."

Arrangements were made for their removal to "the Mis-

issippi—to St. Louis,” and one Louis Nolin undertook to conduct them there; they paid him a considerable sum of money, and gave him, in part payment, cloth and other goods which they had received “from the colony,”—also, the cows which had been furnished to them, which Nolin appears to have re-sold immediately. Some of them stated their object to be, to get to New Orleans. and ultimately back to Switzerland.

The following letter may be regarded as the closing, or summing up, of the entire investigation; it was written by Capt. Bulger, who was then in London, to Mr. De May in Switzerland:

“London, March 10, 1824.

“It was my intention to go to Paris soon after my return from Hudson’s Bay, but I have hitherto been detained in London by particular business, which, I am sorry to say, is not yet brought to a conclusion. I therefore do not think it right to keep our friend Malthey’s letter any longer, as you may be desirous of writing an answer to it by the Hudson’s Bay ship in May.

“As you may feel interested about the Swiss settlers of Red River, I will just state, that, before I arrived in that country, a great many of them had taken their departure for the United States of America, and of those who remained there was not one who was not eagerly bent upon pursuing the same route; but it was impossible for them to remove their families without aid from the Colony, which Mr. Halkett would not give. They, therefore, were compelled to remain, and I did everything in my power to reconcile them to the country. I established them upon small lots of land, which they all preferred to large lots, and gave them upon credit every assistance that the Colony magazines could afford, besides a milch cow to each of those who had families. When I left the Colony, in August last, there only remained [here

follow 19 names.] But I apprehend that a considerable number of those have since left the Colony. I know that, in consequence of orders received from England in June, 1823, that nothing more should be given to the settlers *upon credit*, a party had begun to be formed, when I came away, among the Meurons and Swiss, to go to the Mississippi..... We have, in fact, received accounts from the Colony, which state that from 15 to 20 families had departed in September last, for the U. S. of America ; I think we may safely conclude, that there are now very few of the Swiss emigrants remaining at the Red River.

"It would appear from Malthey's letter that he entertains greater hopes than ever of the prosperity of the Colony, but in a little time, perhaps, he may see cause to think otherwise. All that I can say is, that I am very far from participating in his hopes. Time will tell which of us has formed the most correct judgment.

"To Capt. Rudolphe de May.

"A. BULGER."

In addition to the foregoing, we extract from the voluminous correspondence, so kindly placed at our service, the following document. It is evident that Capt. Bulger, and others in authority at the settlement, did everything in their power to keep faith with the settlers ; but, at that early date, we can well understand how circumstances, beyond their control, frustrated their efforts.

A Petition from the Meuron settlers to Andrew Bulger, Esq., Governor of Assiniboine, Nov. 28, 1822 :

The Petition of the Meuron Soldiers settled in Red River, Humbly Sheweth :

That the Regiment de Meurons and De Watteviles were disbanded in Canada in 1816, and that the same year some of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the two regiments left Montreal with the late Lord Selkirk, under engagements to accompany him to Red River, and that your

petitioners are of the number who accompanied his Lordship hither.

That from the above time we have worked diligently, day and night, to make ourselves in some degree comfortable, but without having gained the most distant probability of the realization of our hopes. In summer grasshoppers and Indians are our daily visitors, and famine our constant attendant.

That it is a country in which our lives are not safe from the attacks of the savages, who are more to be dreaded than civilized man.

That it is our most sincere wish to leave this unfortunate Colony, in terms of our engagement with his late Lordship, which promises us a passage to England, or our own country, in case of our being at any time dissatisfied with this.

That being in a country in which there is no law, combined with the other disadvantages peculiar to itself, we conceive we have good cause to complain.

That, from all these circumstances, we trust you will take our most miserable condition into your serious consideration, and grant us our passage home, as expressed in our agreements, or give us the means of removing ourselves and families to the United States of America.

Signed by 29 Settlers.

THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS.



It is more than three centuries since Jacques Cartier, an enterprising French navigator, discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence, whose extreme headwaters beyond the great lakes are within an hour's walk of a tributary of the Mississippi.

From the zealous Jesuits and Franciscans, who were the

first to explore these northern wilds, we have various and conflicting accounts of the country and the wild, strange inhabitants. Of these *religieux*, many were saintly men who went forth burning with earnest zeal to storm the kingdom of Satan in what seemed to them his very stronghold, and who from the simple faith which led them, often alone, through difficulties and dangers most fearful, to deaths of torture, deserve to be counted in the "noble army of martyrs."

Others there were, whose zeal for Christ's kingdom seemed quite subservient to lower aims, and whose written accounts show a greater desire to win earthly fame as discoverers than to win these wild heathen to a Christian civilization.

The building of forts and their adjacent settlements on the lower St. Lawrence, soon attracted from France adventurers of all kinds, from men of rank who obtained grants of lands, to those from the very dregs of the home population. Many of these adventurers mixed and assimilated with the neighbouring Indians, and in untold numbers and ways wandered westward. Thus in the course of a generation there appeared another class of inhabitants the "voyageurs," "coureurs des bois," or "bois brulés," as they were variously termed. These, with their union of French and Indian blood, often seemed to unite the vices of the two races. Of mercurial temperament, and vagabond, lawless life, they penetrated far and near, and it would be impossible to find a northern Indian tribe unaffected by these wanderers.

In 1615, Champlain, Lieutenant-Governor of New France, or Canada, penetrated to Lake Huron, and some Jesuit priests went with him, and afterward beyond him. In the year 1671, St. Luson was sent out by Talon, the Intendant of Canada, to search for copper mines on Lake Superior. After wintering at the Manatoulin Islands, he proceeded to the Sault St. Marie, whither his voyageur, Nicolas Perrot persuaded many Indians of the Sacs, Winnebagos, Menomonies,

and Ojibeways to repair, and there St. Lusson, on the 15th day of June, 1672, with all the pomp of religious and civil service that he could muster, took possession of all the countries, lakes, and rivers, adjacent and west and south, "in the name of the most high, mighty, and redoubted monarch, Louis Fourteenth of that name."

In 1678 Daniel Greysolon Du Luth, a native of Lyons, built the first trading-post at the western extremity of Lake Superior. Here, about the head-waters of the two great streams, the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, lay in primeval beauty the Land of the Dakotas, of whom an old historian of missions thus writes: "For sixty leagues, from the extremity of the upper lake, toward sunset, and as it were, in the centre of the western nations, they have all united their forces in a general league." Indeed, this is the meaning of the word Dakota, by which name one of the most warlike and powerful nations of these northern Indians call themselves. The Ojibeways, north of Lake Superior, with whom they were waging continual war, called them "Nadowaysioux," and the French using the final syllable, the nickname Sioux has thus been fastened upon them.

Archæologists are rising up in our new country to read from southern ruins and northern mounds the unwritten history of an ancient civilization completely lost. But to most of us the red Indians are the primeval inhabitants. For years unbounded by their oral traditions, they have been the lords of the soil, mighty hunters of buffalo, bear, and other wild animals which abounded in the country, with rites and ceremonies peculiar to themselves, and barbarous usages varying with the different tribes or nations. A keen sense of honor and a certain purity in their aboriginal life have been terribly abused, and apparently quite crushed out, by their intercourse with that scum of civilization which

the first wave of emigration seems always to throw on the sad shores of heathendom.

The Country of the Dakotas, of which the French heard from voyageurs and eastern Indians such great accounts, comprised what is now called Minnesota, and an indefinite sweep of land toward the far-western Rocky Mountains. In its northern part clear streams, in the midst of this pine woods, dashed over rocky beds and down steep descents into the great lake, forming numerous water-falls, or "ha-has," as the Indians call them. In the southern part more sluggish streams wound over the prairies, their bordering of cotton-wood, bass-wood, elm and willow, forming the only wood supply of the country, except a strip of woodland varying from five to twenty miles in width, and which stretched diagonally from north-east to south-west for a hundred miles. Innumerable lakelets were scattered over the country, some lying alone with pretty little wooded headlands, and others strung as on silver threads by little streams, connecting one with another, over wild stretches of rolling prairie land. Some lakes showed clear, pebbly bottoms, and others were marsh-like, and filled with an abundant growth of wild rice, which attracted each autumn, innumerable wild geese and ducks.

By some voyageurs the inhabitants were called "gens des lacs," from the numerous lakes among which they lived; and Nicollot, who, in 1836, explored the country, called it Undine. Pere Hennepin, a Franciscan of the Recollet Order, was the first European to explore the country. He had been attached to an exploring expedition, led by La Salle, which finally from Lake Michigan crossed to Illinois River. In February of 1680, Hennepin, in a bark canoe, with two voyageurs, floated down this river, and from its mouth ascended the Mississippi. As he is connected with the first discovery by white men of the Falls of Niagara, so he was

the first white man to reach the falls on the distant Mississippi to which he gave the name of his patron saint, Anthony of Padua. And now come, the first actual knowledge of the Dakotas, who, though still a powerful people, had, even in the time of Hennepin, lost ground in the north before the Ojibeways, and who now, though their language gives the name to the beautiful country of Minnesota, have not one foothold within its bounds.

AMURY GIROD.

*(Read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of
Montreal.)*



THE paper which I have prepared, treats of that unfortunate rising of a people, whose leaders saw no other escape from what they regarded as injustice and misrule, than that most desperate of remedies, an appeal to arms. The history of the Rebellion of 1837 has never been fully written, but we all know its results, and to-day see our fellow countrymen in the free possession of those very liberties for which so many perished only one generation ago.

However, my aim is not to discuss the merits of the case, nor to attempt a sketch of its history, but merely to give an account, in so far as I have been able to collect the materials, of a man, not in any sense a "leader," but a type of many, I believe, who engaged in the struggle,—one of so little prominence that he is usually described in the reports of the day, as "Amury Girod, an alien."

He was born in the Canton of Appenzel in Switzerland, came to Canada some years before the Rebellion, and settled at Varennes, where he married the daughter of a farmer of some means, named Ainse. The exact date of his mar-

riage is not easily ascertained, but he had a family previous to 1833.

In appearance he was pleasing, his figure was good, rather above the average height, and quick and active in his movements.

He was well educated and was a frequent writer on political and agricultural subjects; his opinion on many points was just, and he was undoubtedly actuated by a strong desire for the improvement of the conditions surrounding him. But the very intenseness of this desire, acting on an enthusiastic nature, lead to unpractical solutions of the problems he treated.*

In the *Montreal Herald* of December 25th, 1837, there is a notice of a work of his, "Observations on British North America," &c., criticizing the work severely, and at the end of the article the editor says that some four years previous Girod had been introduced and then offered to contribute articles against Mr. Papineau's party.

Some light may be thrown on the position he then occupied by two MS. letters, which were presented to the Library of McGill College, among the books and pamphlets of the late Frederick Griffin. They are written in English, dated Montreal, 20th April, 1833, addressed to the "Editor of the Albion, London," and signed "Lemanus," to which Mr. Griffin added "*alias* Amury Girod." His intention evidently was to have written a series, as they are headed "Addresses to the

* Morgan, in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, gives the following list of his published works.

I. *Traité d'Agriculture* (d'Evans) adapté au climat du Bas-Canada, traduit. Québec, 1831.

II. *Conversations sur l'Agriculture*, par un habitant de Varennes. Québec, 1834.

III. *Notes diverses sur Bas-Canada*. Village, Debartzch, 1835. pp. 129.

Besides these, he wrote an unpublished work, "Observations on British North America and the United States," and many shorter articles on political subjects.

British Nation." The second letter, "On the Government of Lower Canada," is of the greater interest to us. He strongly attacks the Executive, the Legislative Council, the Judiciary, and the family party which ruled in Quebec. This is not surprising, but later on in the letter we find him boldly denouncing the small and narrow aims of the leaders of the Assembly and is very decided in his denunciations of the misapplied energies and faults of that body. Here is his description of old Mr. Bourdages :

"A violent, un-talented country notary, but a man who at least is sincere in his faith, a man who was once brave in the field *for* England. His argumentation *in* the House is almost regularly, viz., 'Mr. Speaker: Has ever anybody heard such thing proposed as the Hon. member for A B C county does? Not to my knowledge. It is against the dignity of the House, and we will have nothing to with (it) dixi!' The peasants who hear their leader speak in that way, go quietly to the smoking room leaving him the case to discuss, what they do so little understand of as he does himself."

Mr. Papineau—"Gifted with more energy than his countrymen generally possess, and having acquired more knowledge than the Canadians are generally *allowed* to possess, he was a most respectable, invaluable man, when an Earl of Dalhousie began to trample on the rights of British subjects in the Colony; but it must not be forgotten that he had in the House of Assembly to combat a few mediocre men, that the ablest representatives, Messrs. Nelson and Cuvillier, were his partizans, and that seven-eighths of the Assembly were men of no acquirements whatever, prejudiced characterless people. Since that man has lost his energetical opposer in the Earl of Dalhousie, his restless spirit wanting useful occupation, his ambition passing the lawful limits, the one has delighted in agitating the people in every direction, and the other has chosen another aim than that of

being the guardian of constitutional liberty." Then, after giving other reasons for his warning influence, he predicts his rise, "and then conscious of the falsehood of his intentions and actions, will revenge most cruelly, that contempt into which he is falling."

He attacks the disgraceful farce of education, and of public works, and says of the roads, "that it would be a true punishment for a fellow of the better class of society to travel over them all—if he comes back alive, he must have a good constitution, good bones indeed." This is followed by a strong appeal to the Imperial Parliament, that now "since the two branches of the legislation have submitted their mutual grievances," not to allow the "golden opportunity" to pass—and ends with his suggestions as to what remedies might be used.

I think that a comparison of his letter with Lord Durham's report will show the remarkable fairness and clear sightedness of this "alien" who gives his views on subjects of the highest interest to himself, and in a time when few men spoke, and still fewer thought, with moderation. His position was a difficult one; bad as the Assembly might be, it was yet to some extent striving towards the reform of those abuses of the ruling party, and in this way must have had his sympathy to a certain extent—and the effect of his being a republican by birth and training, must have influenced him. And when eventually the Assembly aroused itself from petty discussion, and under the leadership of Mr. Papineau, at last utterly rebelled against the Government, it is not surprising that an enthusiastic theorist such as Girod should have joined the fortunes of the popular party.

Mr. T. S. Brown describes him at this time as "what the French call *un exalté*, desultory and uncertain in his movements like one approaching insanity, just as I have found hundreds of men when reduced to pecuniary destitution, who

would be sound and settled enough, if in some fixed position, with means to support it."

At one of the meetings of the popular party, held at Varennes, on the 29th of June, Alexis Pinet, a magistrate, attempted to break it up, abused and assaulted Girod; the case came off in October, and the *Herald* states that a great number of Girod's friends were in court, and comments rather severely on their conduct while there. A new trial was fixed for November 11.

He was at the meeting of the Sons of Liberty, on the 6th November, but was not one of those who engaged in the sortie into Great St. James Street.

On the 27th of November, with a party, he sacked the store of Mr. Snowdon at Belle Riviere, procuring three horses and taking all the firearms and hardware that might serve as weapons. He then went directly to St. Eustache. The following notice is taken from a "Narrative of the Late Insurrection in Lower Canada"—published in the *Albion*, 20th January, 1838:

"Immediately after the repulse of Col. Gore's column in the first advance on St. Denis, a certain active and rather clever Swiss, named Girod, with two young French Canadian advocates from Montreal, repaired to St. Eustache, the principal village in the County of Two Mountains; exaggerating the action into a signal defeat of the British Troops, and declaring that not fifty soldiers were left in Montreal, they induced the habitants to insurrection, promising them the plunder of that city. * * Mr. Girod was by experience well qualified to array an organized insurrection. He had studied the dangerous science in a good school, for he had figured as a bold and daring adventurer in two or three of the South American Republics. * * * He soon obtained the dictatorship of St. Eustache. * * * Many stories are told of his insisting on being served at table with regal state, col-

lecting materials for a harem, &c. Like a Persian nobleman, he was always on horseback, and like a Pawnee warrior, he stole his horse * * * from the stables of Mr Dumont."

What Girod's military antecedents actually were, I am unable to state; Mr. Brown says that he "made some pretensions to military knowledge, but probably knew no more than he learned by serving in the Swiss Militia," and the author of an "Account of the Civil War in the Canadas," published in London (probably in 1838), says that he "is said to have served under Napoleon, but he does not appear to have known much of military tactics."

On the 5th of December, a proclamation was issued offering £500 for the capture of "Amury Girod, an alien." Up to the time of the advance of the troops under Sir John Colborne, Girod, Chenier, Girouard, and others were actively engaged in training troops and fortifying, as far as possible, their position. They took the two small five pounders which had been presented by the Earl of Dalhousie to the Indians of the Lake of Two Mountains (which to-day are in the hands of their original possessors), and mounted them. They were so short of bullets that marbles were used instead, which burst into powder on the discharge. On the morning of the 14th the attack was made, and before evening, the troops were in complete possession, the village was fired, about one hundred of its defenders slain, and one hundred and twenty prisoners. The loss on the part of the troops was one corporal and four privates killed. Dr. Chenier was killed by the church; and Girod and Girouard fled to St. Benoit. The latter soon afterwards gave himself up to Mr. Simpson (now the Collector of Customs here), at Cotéau du Lac, and was lodged in the jail at Montreal.

Girod's death has had many versions—the most general one is that he shot himself in a theatrical manner in the house of Laporte (who had been elected a Captain by the insurgents

of his district,) placed sometimes at Longue Pointe, and sometimes at Pointe aux Trembles. About two years ago the buckles from his sword-belt were presented to the society with an account of his death, which was said to have taken place at the toll-bar then placed on St. Lawrence Main Street, near Sherbrooke Street. It is possible that the buckles were taken from the body there on its way for burial. However, a very circumstantial account is given in the *Herald* of the 30th of December, 1837, in a letter written by John Taylor, from Longue Pointe, December 25th.

The intention of the writer is to shew that the credit of the capture was due to himself and other volunteers, and not to Captain or Lieutenant Clarke of the 99th; the discussion of this question is omitted in the extracts.

On Sunday, the 17th, the writer was in command of a picket of four men, in the lobby of Mr. Handyside's house, at the distillery, being the guardroom. About 2, A.M., on Monday, a traineau was driven rapidly up to the house containing two men who stated that they were on their way to a magistrate to give information that they had brought Girod from Rivierie de Prairie to the house of one Laporte, below Pointe aux Trembles, where they had left him about 10 o'clock the previous night. At half past two, a party of nine men with two trains under the command of the writer, left in pursuit; the morning was bitterly cold and a heavy storm of hail and sleet was raging. Laporte's house was reached and searched, but Girod could not be found, Laporte admitting he had been there, but had left. Several other houses and barns were also searched without success, and at 8, A.M., the party turned back to Pointe aux Trembles. Lieutenant Clarke of the 99th Regiment, met them there and proposed that the party should return and arrest Laporte, which was done, and some further search made without discovering anything, and the party were about returning, when—(the following

is quoted directly from the letter)—“At that moment a Canadian came up, who was addressed by one of my party, Wm. Kempley, * * * Did he know a man of the name of General Girod, who they were in search of? He replied, he did perfectly. Had he seen him lately? He had. When? About an hour ago. Upon this being known to the party, Captain Clarke said --“Tell the man if he will put us on the track of him he shall have 100 dollars. The man agreed to do so, and that he should be as if taken prisoner and carried along with them. He proposed to take the road leading across the concessions to the Riviere de Prairie. I * * * divided the party into two, giving Wm. Kempley the command of five men. In the train * * * I determined myself to go in pursuit, taking with me David Higgins, James Killigan, the driver, and the Canadian.” “The two parties then separated—Kempley’s taking the road towards Bout de l’Isle. My own proceeded towards the Riviere de Prairie, accompanied by Captain Clarke on horseback. On our route we called at a house, where we learned that a person answering Girod’s description had been, wanting a horse and train to go and arrest a person representing himself as a bailiff. The inmates either could not or would not give the train, and he left the house and proceeded on foot. We proceeded and arrived at the ferry at Riviere de Prairie; while searching the house on the left, proceeding northwards, a train was seen to leave the house on the opposite side of the road, with a man as driver, apparently ready to start; immediately a man was seen to run from the house and take his seat on the train, which started off at a great speed towards the Bout de l’Isle. We pursued, Captain Clarke taking the lead, after having obtained my musket. The storm and drift was such that we could not see distinctly five yards before us, and could only occasionally take a glimpse to see that we had got the train in

view, or to assure ourselves that we were gaining upon it. The speed of the train was such that it was with great difficulty we could keep our places, from having nothing to hold by. We soon became satisfied that we were rapidly gaining ground. . . . The pursuit did not last more than a mile, when the train was seen to turn round the gable of a house. . . . Arrived at the door of the house I observed only one imprint of a foot on the snow. . . . I entered the house and seized a man, the only one I saw at the time . . . I demanded of my prisoner where was the other man who was on the train with him ; he denied that there was any other man with him," (then after some more questioning and frightening the man confessed that Girod had been with him and agreed to lead them to the place at which he had left the train.) "This man and Higgins with the guide then departed with the train, Captain Clarke followed on horseback, and Killigan and I, after searching the house, followed in our own train. The man stopped with Higgins about 300 yards back, and I endeavoured to trace footsteps, but none were to be seen. They left the road, as did also Capt. Clarke. At a small distance back in a field adjoining the road, and in continuation of the line fence, there was a short piece of close-boarded fence, with another piece forming a right angle, behind this Girod screened himself. The Canadian guide having advanced and looked over the fence, saw Girod, and retreated in great terror towards Higgins, who was advancing and kept advancing towards the enclosure. At this moment, it is presumed, Girod had seen Killigan and me advancing upon the side of the enclosure running parallel with the road, and in consequence he stepped out of it by an opening into the field upon the other side of the line fence. He stopped on passing through . . . and on raising his head, seeing Higgins advancing from one point, Capt. Clarke from another, and

Killigan and me from another, he could not but perceive that all chance of escape was hopeless. At this moment Girard called out "Hallo!" and drew from his breast a pistol, which caused Higgins to stop and raise his musket to the present, when, instead of levelling at any of the party, he lodged the ball in his own brain. Life was quite extinct when we got to him."

The party with the body arrived at Montreal on Monday, at 4, P.M. On Tuesday an inquest was held, and the verdict—"Died by his own hand while fleeing as a rebel," was given. The remains were buried at Cote à Barron the same day, the Rifle Corps firing a salute over the grave, which honour was disapproved of by the loyal papers.

Girod was one of those men who frequently appear in times of social disturbance—led by his enthusiasm he found himself forced into a position which called for great practical insight and coolness—and these qualities he unfortunately did not possess. The reasons which induced him to join the popular party, we have already noticed, and on the breaking out of open hostilities he did not hesitate to take a position from which he could not withdraw. Unfortunately, even here, he was impractical; he did not see the strong positions which could have been occupied, and lost all coolness during the battle. During his flight, the thought of utter failure must have added to the misery of his position. The struggle had only been a *rebellion*, the party was scattered, their aims crushed, and threatened by a shameful death, he accepted the only alternative, and died by his own hand.

He seems to have been actuated by a sincere love of liberty, and it does not appear that he had any personal motive in choosing his position. In fact, he had everything to lose. He was not a native Canadian, had come into the country late in life, was well married, and in engaging in so

perilous a venture he risked all those things which are the usual incentives to men to take up arms.

My thanks are due to Mr. T. S. Brown for much information, which it would be impossible to obtain from any other than one who had a personal knowledge of the facts.

WM. McLENNAN.

NEW BOOKS.

E have before us a very handsomely printed pamphlet of 48 pages, 4to, entitled "Relation de ce qui c'est passé lors des Fouilles, faites par Ordre du Gouvernement, dans une Partie des Fondations du Collège des Jésuites de Québec, Précédée de certaines observations par Faucher de Saint-Maurice; accompagnée d'un plan par le Capitaine Deville, et un photolithographie. Québec: Typographie de C. Davreau. 1879." It commences with an address to the Minister of Public Works (the Honourable Mr. Joly), in which the author laments over the ruthless destruction of antiquities in Quebec, and contains a sketch of some of the most striking events in connection with the Jesuits' College—ending with a suggestion to erect a memorial chapel, or some appropriate monument to those earnest workers and founders of our country. This is followed by a most creditable lithographic reproduction of the engraving of Grignon (1761) of the old Jesuits' Church, which stood on a portion of Garden Street, destroyed in 1807; and of the College, in almost exactly the same condition in which it stood a few years ago. The pamphlet is completed by the Report, which for safety has been deposited by an acte de dépôt with Mtre. Brault, N.P. It contains the account of the discovery of certain human remains in the foundation of the College. On the 31st Au-

gust, 1878, remains were found, a portion of a skeleton without the skull ; with these was found a small St. Andrew's Cross, in white porcelain, but, unfortunately, this was broken by the pick of the workman. (On page 39, this Cross is stated to be of red porcelain.) The skeleton is identified by the author as that of Frère Jean Liégeois, who was murdered and decapitated by the Agniers on the 29th of May, 1655, in a field near Sillery ; the body was borne to Quebec on the following day by some Algonquins, and was buried on the 31st of the same month beneath the Chapel.

On the 3rd of September, another skeleton was found. Among the bones was found, and with it, a copper heart with a small chain similar to those used now to fasten a cloak, a copper buckle, and nine beads of a chaplet mounted in copper and perfectly preserved. These remains are identified with those of the Père François du Perron, who died at Fort "St. Louys" on the 10th of November, 1665. They were interred on the 16th of the same month, in the vault of the Chapel towards the confessional, "*there is room but for one more body*," is added to the account in the Journal. The space left between the wall and the coffin containing these remains was three feet one inch, just room enough *for one more body*.

On the 8th of September other remains were found, which Dr. La Rue declared to be those of three women. It appears that after the burning of the Hotel-Dieu on the 7th of June, 1755, one of the wings of the College was put at the disposal of the Hospitalières, and after three weeks was occupied by them, on the 16th August, Mother Marie-Marthe Desroches de Saint François-Xavier died in the College, of small pox, aged 28, and was buried in the vaults ; on the 12th of May following, Mother de l'Enfant-Jésus, and in August, Sister Marie-Anne Rocheron de Sainte Monique were buried beside her.

Besides these discovered by Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice, M. Gentil discovered one which was afterwards interred in the Cemetery of Belmont. This the author supposes to have been the remains of Father Jean de Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, who died on the 8th and was buried on the 9th of October, 1658.

The pamphlet also contains a ground plan of the College, showing where the remains were found.

GLIMPSES OF QUEBEC DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS OF FRENCH DOMINION IN CANADA, 1749-1759. With observations on the past and on the present. Read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, by its President, J. M. LeMoine. Quebec: *Morning Chronicle* office.

On the 5th of August, 1749, Professor Kalm, a distinguished follower of Linnæus, landed in the city of Quebec. He had with him the highest recommendations from the most eminent representatives of rank, letters and science in Europe, including the kings of France and his native country, Sweden, and some of the foremost universities and other seats of learning of the time. The object of his visit was to gather information as to the country, its people and productions, especially its botany and mineralogy. His footsteps can be traced through the "ancient capital" by the work in which he recorded his observations and researches, and it happily occurred to Mr. LeMoine that he might make that portion of it which dealt especially with places and persons in Quebec the subject of his inaugural lecture, as President of the Literary and Historical Society, for the season of 1879-80. The result is a compilation of facts of extreme interest to Canadians, both from a political and social standpoint, in a setting of admirable illustration from Mr. LeMoine's own treasury of antiquarian and topographical knowledge. The decade,

of which the events, scenes and manners are here so vividly presented to the reader, is one of the most important in the whole range of our colonial annals. We mingle among the people, in their business and their pleasures, just as they were, unconscious of the great change which was impending over them: the young ladies, their dress and their amusements, the "powers that were" with their trappings of office, the citizens at their various employments, and the Indians, who so interested Herr Kalm. Then the scene is changed, and we are brought in sight of the two armies, with their brave but doomed leaders, on the Plains of Abraham, and we hear the knell, glorious to both combatants, of French rule in these Provinces. An appendix gives some interesting notes concerning ship-building, cattle exportation and other matters. We think it a pity that Mr. LeMoine has only issued 50 copies, as his lecture is of sufficient interest to have a wide circulation.

Mr. Francis Parkman's "DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST" having reached the eleventh edition, appears bearing for its principal title "LA SALLE." It is, in many respects a new book, La Salle being made more prominent, an entire fresh chapter being assigned to him, and many additions to other chapters.

This is a proper indication of the essential unity of one of the most dramatic and enchaining historical narratives, and gives a just prominence to the intrepid character who first traced for Europeans the water-way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The work has been thoroughly revised with the conscientiousness of the historian.

After a careful comparison of this last with the original edition, there are barely four chapters out of twenty-nine which are seemingly untouched; and even in them might be discovered some verbal alterations, were they merely rhetorical, such as abound among the weightier corrections, ad-

ditions, and retrenchments, elsewhere. Chapter VI. absorbs the old VI. and VII. ; chapter XXII. is interpolated. The chief cause of the changes is the new information about La Salle furnished by M. Margry's recently printed collection of original documents, called—"Découvertes et Etablissements des François dans le Sud de l'Amérique Septentrionale."

Not only has it supplied a number of important details about La Salle's movements, but it has shed so much light on his temperament as to affect considerably the final summary of his character, and to mitigate some judgments pronounced upon those who fell out with him. Thus, much more is known and can be told of his difficulties with Beaujeu, greatly to the bluff old sailor's advantage, and with a distinct gain in interest to the tragedy in which Beaujeu's role is so much exalted. More graphic than before, and more minute is the account of La Salle's failure to make the mouth of the Mississippi, and of his first adventures after the landing in Texas ; Joutel's memoir is quoted more freely verbatim, and this is true generally also of La Salle's own reports already made use of in the first edition. But a word or two appears to have been altered in the faultless humorous episode of Father Hennepin ; but Margry supplies a capital description of the boastful friar in La Salle's own words :—

" Il ne manquera pas exagérer toutes choses, c'est son caractère il parle plus conformément à ce qu'il veut qu'à ce qu'il sait."

Of Tonty, too, we learn nothing new. La Salle's confession of a natural timidity and solitary disposition, which made life in the wilderness more congenial to him than any European employment, and a glimpse of a love affair in one of his letters, are perhaps the greatest novelties in the freshly acquired data concerning him. So far as regards its hero,

this admirable work of Mr. Parkman's seems likely to be undisturbed by future revelations,

CANADIAN TIMBER TREES ; their Distribution and Preservation. By A. T. DRUMMOND. From the Report of the Montreal Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Association.

Mr. Drummond has prepared a most careful history of the *locale* of our trees, with useful hints for their preservation, etc. ; and in the eighteen pages of the pamphlet has furnished much valuable information, which can scarcely be overestimated. The value of the work is enhanced by a nicely executed chart or map showing the Northern Limits of our principal Timber-Trees.

KEEWAYTIN. —Mr. James McKay writes to the *Winnipeg Free Press* on the subject of Indian names. He says that Hon. Mr. Mills, following Longfellow and Schoolcraft, has gone wrong in using the spelling "Keewaydin," "Keewaytin" being the right orthography, to correspond with the Indian pronunciation. It signifies "the north wind, or blowing homewards," but not north-west wind, as some have said, the word not signifying anything in the shape of west whatever. The name of the Province is properly "Man-ne-to-wah-bah," which signifies "a spirit in the strait"—the strait in this case being the narrows of Lake Manitoba. "Saskatchewan" should be "Kee-si-s-katch-e-wan," meaning "a swift current river;" and "Assiniboine" should be "Asse-ne-pot," meaning "the stone Indian." The name "Ottawa," too well established now to be changed, should, according to Mr. McKay, be "Wah-ta-wah," the name being of a tribe that once lived along that river's banks.

TECUMSEH'S DEATH.



OLUMN after column has been expended in controversy as to the manner of Tecumseh's death. Up to the present time the controversialists have agreed to disagree. By the kindness of a friend, the *Detroit Free Press* is now in possession of a valuable work that furnishes conclusive evidence on this much-debated subject. This book was published in London, England, in 1818, and the contents are a poem entitled, "Tecumseh," together with historical notes. The poem was written in 1823, only 10 years after Tecumseh's tragic death. The author was Major Richardson, brother of Johnston Richardson of the Windsor custom house. Major Richardson was with Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames and his evidence in all matters pertaining to the chief's death must be accepted as conclusive. In the preface the author explains that the poem is not a work of imagination, but an accurate description of Tecumseh and the stirring events of his life. The following stanzas are those which relate to the manner of Tecumseh's death:

Amid that scene like some dark, towering fiend,
 With death black eyes and hands all spotted o'er,
 The fierce Tecumseh on his tall lance leaned,
 Fired with much spoil and drunk with human gore;
 And now his blasting glance ferocious gleam'd—
 The chief who leads the eagles to his shore—
 When with one scream that devils might appall,
 Deep in his breast he lodged the whizzing ball.

Like the quick bolt that follows on the flash
 Which rends the mountain oak in fearful twain,
 So springs the warrior with infernal dash
 Upon the Christian writhing in his pain;

High gleamed his hatchet ready now to crash
 Along the fibres of his swimming brain,
 When from the adverse arm a bullet flew
 With force resistless, and with aim too true.

The baffled Chieftain tottered, sunk and fell,
 Rage in his heart, and vengeance in his glance;
 His features ghastly pale—his breast was hell;
 One bound he made to seize his fallen lance,
 But quick the death-shades o'er his vision swell,
 His arm dropp'd nerveless, straining to advance;
 One look of hatred, and the last, he gave,
 Then sunk and slumbered with the fallen brave.

Forth from the copse a hundred foemen spring,
 And pounce like vultures on the bleeding clay;
 Like famished blood-hounds to the corse they cling,
 And bear the fallen hero's spoils away;
 The very covering from his nerves they wring
 And gash his form and glut them o'er their prey—
 Wild hell-fiends all, and revelling at his death,
 With bursting shrieks and pestilential breath.

The note which pertains to the first two verses adds very little to the vivid description there given. The Christian is Col. Johnson, the leader of the Kentucky Riflemen, who drew a pistol from his belt and killed Tecumseh just as the latter was about to tomahawk him. The next note, which is the last in the book, says:

"Scarcely had Tecumseh expired when a band of lurking enemies sprung upon the warrior and scalped him. Not satisfied with this, they absolutely tore the skin from off his bleeding form and converted it into razor straps!! . . . It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark that the officer in command of the American army in this untoward day was no other than Gen. Harrison, the man to whom Tecumseh

had so often and so successfully been opposed on the banks of the Wabash. It is but rendering justice to the former to say the sentiments which he expressed when the circumstances and manner of the warrior's death were first announced were such as to reflect credit upon him as a man, a gentleman, a christian, and a soldier."

This book has long since been out of print, and copies of it are exceedingly rare. The work contains 135 pages and the poem is in four cantos, averaging fifty verses each.

THE MARTELLO TOWERS AT QUEBEC.



PICTURE of Quebec exists, distinctly showing the Martello Towers, taken many years ago when the suburbs were not so thickly populated, the road leading to the Plains of Abraham, and to what was known at that time as the Race Course, can be distinctly seen. On the left of this road—which was formerly kept by the Military Authorities—on the brow of a slight ascent about half way to the race stand, is one of the four Martello Towers which were built in 1805 by the Imperial Government at different distances between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles Rivers,—on the same plan as those erected the previous year on the South Coast of England. The work was carried on by the Royal Engineers, and completed under the supervision of Lieut. By, who in after years, when he had been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, became celebrated in connection with the construction of the Rideau Canal, and also with the early history of Ottawa,—formerly called By-town. The Martello Towers are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can be easily laid in ruins by the shot of the garrison, while on the opposite side facing the plains they are of immense thickness. Cannon are mounted

on the summit so as to sweep the undefended plain below. Opinions differ as to how the name originated. In Mr. Le-moine's interesting work, "Quebec, Past and Present," it is stated that these towers were "named from their inventor in England, Col. Martello." This differs materially from the account published in one of the leading Magazines in England in 1872. To those of your readers who are anxious to know in what way the name originated, I shall give the account in full,—especially as the information is taken from the Records of the Ordnance Department, and is undoubtedly true.

"It is now nearly seventy years since the third Duke of Richmond the Master-General of Ordnance submitted to the then Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, a project for causing the level portions of the south coast of England to bristle with Martello Towers. We have long been familiar with their name, but there are few to whom the origin of the word "Martello" is known. Upon the rocky coast of the Island of Corsica lies a deep indentation, which bears the name of the Bay of Mortella. In the year 1796 the island was relinquished by the English, who for two years had held possession of it, and upon the departure of the British Governor, Sir Gilbert Elliot, the Corsicans declared for France, to which kingdom they have since clung with unwavering fidelity. During the long war between England and France, at the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, an attack upon Corsica was made by the British troops. Upon the edge of Mortella Bay stood a single circular tower. It was found that this solitary Corsican watch-tower long resisted the attack of the British artillery of that day. Agitated by the perils to which the defenceless shores of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire exposed this island when Napoleon was threatening us with invasion in 1804, the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Richmond urged Mr. Pitt to allow him to build a string of towers along the

coast similar to the Mortella Bay Fort of Corsica which had so lately offered so formidable a resistance to our troops."

The name "Mortella" was soon corrupted into "Maetello," and has thus passed into familiar usage as a quasi-English word. And strange to say, up to the present day not a single round shot or shell, fired in anger, has been directed against either the towers at Quebec or those on the south coast of England.

EARLY RECORDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.



R. George Patterson, of New Glasgow, N. S., writing to the Editor of the *Eastern Chronicle*, says he has been shown by the High Sheriff, a number of papers connected with the early history of the County; the two following appear to be of special interest and worthy of preservation.

The first is a small hand-bill advertising for passengers for the first band of settlers:—

ADVERTISEMENT.

Philadelphia, Jan. 26, 1767.

WHEREAS a Grant has been obtained for a Tract of land, situate upon *Pictou Harbour* and the Coast adjoining on the *Gulf of St. Lawrence*, in the Province of *Nova Scotia*, extending about—miles along the coast, within Sixty or Seventy miles of *Halifax*, the Metropolis of said Province, and adjoining the Townships of Truro, Onslow and Londonderry; an improved part of the Country, from whence may be had cattle and Provisions of every kind at a moderate price. The Grantees have been at the pains and expense of sending three of their Partners, with sundry other persons to view the said lands, and they have reported to the Company that the soil is fertile, intermixed with large Quantities of interval or low

bottoms, very rich, and capable of being cultivated and improved with all kinds of grain and Pasturage, and well timbered with black Birch, Maple, Sugar Trees, Elm, Ash, &c. The said Harbour being one of the best on that coast, having sufficient water for Shipping of any burthen, lying convenient for the Cod and Whale Fishery, and well stored with Oysters, Clams, and a variety of Fish, especially Salmon and Rack Fish, and plenty of wild Fowl. These are therefore to inform all sober, industrious persons, who are desirous of becoming settlers in that fine country, that the Owners of said land will dispose of it upon the following terms, viz. To every Family consisting of five Protestant persons, five hundred acres, and so in proportion for a greater or a lesser number in each Family, at the rate of *Five Pounds* Sterling for every hundred acres, payable in two years after arrival, and a yearly quit-rent of *One Half-Penny* Sterling per acre. They being obliged to embark for said settlement by the *fifteenth* day of *April* next, and the settlers shall have free liberty to make choice of any part of said land except such as is reserved upon *Pictou Harbour* for a Town, in which the Head of each Family shall have an half acre Lot given them. All persons desirous of becoming settlers there, may apply to *George Bryan* and *Andrew Hodge*, in *Philadelphia*, or *Thomas Harris* near *Deer Creek* in *Baltimore County, Maryland*, and be farther informed and enter into articles. And for their farther encouragement, two of the Company propose going with them to assist in making the Settlement, and will accommodate them with a proper vessel to remove thither upon reasonable terms.

Philadelphia : Printed by W. & T. Bradford at the *London Coffee-House*.

The second is a sort of protest, or an affidavit giving the particulars of the loss of a small vessel called the "Dolphin," in the year 1771. On the 31st Dec, 1769, by a census there

was one small vessel owned in Pictou, and this is no doubt the same one.

HALIFAX COUNTY, }
S S. }

Pictou, Nov. 22nd, 1771.

There appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the District of Pictou, Moses Blazdel, Mathew Harris, Barnabus McGie, Recompence Hand, and made solemn oath that on the twelfth day of November on their Passage from Pictou Harbor to St. John Island in the shallop called "Dolphin," they were taken with a violent gale of wind at north west, so that they were unable to lay their course, but were obliged to run before the wind under a small part of their mainsail which drove them to Cape Levee at the south east part of which they made a harbor and lay there until the morning of the fourteenth day when the wind shifted round to south west. They then attempted to run round the Cape again to screen the shallop from the violence of the sea which they accomplished and dropt anchor under the north end of the Cape and lay there till the morning of the fifteenth day, when the wind hauled about to north west which obliged them to weigh anchor and run to the south east side of the Cape and dropt anchor and lay till twelve o'clock, when the wind came to the southward which obliged them to weigh anchor and stand round the Cape again and got about two Leagues to the westward of the Cape, when the sea rose to such a height that they were obliged to put about to a cove in the north side of the Cape, and dropt anchor and lay there till eleven o'clock in the night, when the wind chopt about to the north-west, which obliged them to weigh anchor and run round to the south east side of the Cape to a small cove and lay there till about eleven o'clock on the sixteenth day, when the wind came to the south east, which appeared favorable for them, they then

weighed anchor intending to run for Pictou. They sailed with a small breeze and rowed together about three leagues, when the wind came to the westward at six o'clock, which occasioned them to drop anchor and lay there till the morning of the seventeenth day, when the westerly wind came so heavy and the seas so high, that they were under a necessity to run to the south east pitch of the Cape again where they lay till six o'clock when the wind came to the north, which obliged them to weigh anchor and run to the south east side of the Cape and dropt anchor at half after six, where they lay till eleven o'clock, when the wind veered to the eastward and blew violently and the seas rose up so high, that the shallop parted her cable and drove on the shore and wrecked her to that degree, that it was impossible to put out again, further these deponents sayeth not.

Sworn before

JOHN HARRIS.

There can scarcely be a doubt that this was the first vessel owned in Pictou, and the commencement of that mercantile marine which has ever since been so closely connected with the progress of the county.

A CURIOUS ART COLLECTION.

In a narrow street close to Bedford row many a passer by has observed an old fashioned shop with many choice engravings in the window, whose owner has been absent for the past twelve years. The same choice prints have remained in the window, and as an answer was required for repeated inquiries, all were told, "Nothing shall be sold until the owner returns."

The collectors of prints, whose homes are on the other side of the Atlantic, finding that there were in this collection prints they coveted, took the long journey across in the hope of acquiring them, but without success. The same answer met their inquiries. A wealthy man in London sent \$10,000

for two paintings in the collection. That was refused. Other pictures equally valuable are there—rare works, whose pedigrees are well known, and whose qualities are not questioned. The owner has not come back.—*English paper.*

THE BRANT MONUMENT.



AMONG the illustrious dead there are few whose names stand out in greater prominence or bolder relief, in connection with the British Colonial history of North America, than that of Joseph Brant, formerly the Chief of the Six Nation Indians, now dwelling on the reserves in the valley of the Grand River. The hero of this brief sketch was better known, perhaps, among the aborigines by his Indian name, Thayendanegea. He was born in 1742, in the old Colony of New York, his father being at that time the Chief of the Mohawks and of the Wolf tribe. He bore the almost unpronounceable name of Tehowaghwengaraghkin. During the rebellion of the American Colonies, which broke out in 1775, when Joseph Brant was in the prime of life, he took an active and prominent part against the dissatisfied Colonies, and rendered signal service to the British Government as a warrior tried and true, and received, in acknowledgment of those services, a grant of land lying on both sides of the Grand River, and extending from its mouth to its source, for his own use and that of the Six Nation Indians, the Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras and Onondagas, of all which tribes he was the acknowledged head and Chief. These tribes, during and antecedent to the American Revolution, occupied a large part of the present State of New York, and all took part in that Revolution, against the Colonists, preferring to adhere to the Imperial cause, and emigrated to the valley of the Grand River at the close of the war in 1783.


In commemoration of the great services rendered by Joseph Brant during a most critical period in British history, it has been proposed by a number of patriotic gentlemen to erect a monument in the city of Brantford, named after the great Chief, at an expense of about \$25,000, towards which the Royal Family and a number of distinguished statesmen have already subscribed generously. The Six Nation Indians voted \$5,000, the city of Brantford \$5,000, and other municipalities contributing, making the total sum raised about \$15,000 altogether.

A beautiful design of the proposed monument was drawn some time since by Mr. C. E. Zollicoffer, whose name is connected with the designs and carvings on the Parliamentary buildings at Ottawa. From the original design the same gentleman has prepared a model of transcendent beauty and accurately proportioned, showing on a moderately small scale, what the monument will be when completed. The memorial structure will be sexagonal, representing the six tribes. The base is thirty-four feet in diameter, with nine steps leading to the super-structure. On each corner is a pedestal fourteen feet from the ground, on which stands an admirably executed representative of each tribe in costume, and of life size. On each side of the column there is a panel with a coat of arms, being the escutcheon of all the different tribes. Surmounting the top of the column is a statue of Joseph Brant in his war-costume, and of proportionate height to suit the elevation of the memorial. The steps are intended to be either of Montreal lime-stone or of Cleveland sandstone. The whole super-structure to be of Nova Scotia blue leverock, or Beria sandstone. The panels are to be of No. 1 Vermont marble. The seven figures are also to be of Vermont, Sicilian, or Carrara marble. The height of the column including base, will be forty-five feet from the ground, and will be built on Victoria Square in front of the County buildings, opposite

the Court House, the best site that could have been selected in the city of Brantford.

When the structure is completed according to the specifications we have given, it will add vastly to the other attractions of Brantford. This magnificent memorial to the great Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, and to the Six Nations, will, through coming time, be an enduring testimony to the patriotism of the tribes of the great man who ruled them in the character of Chief, and of the generous munificence of those people at whose expense it is to be erected, whether as private individuals or in their municipal character. This grand piece of monumental work, we are informed, will be commenced early in the spring, and be completed in about eighteen months in accordance with the terms of the contract and specifications, as approved by the committee having the whole matter in charge. The taste displayed by these gentlemen in the design and intended structure is hardly less to be appreciated than the artistic skill and genius of the gentleman who designed the memorial to be erected in grateful acknowledgement of the patriotic services of one of nature's truest noblemen, and his compatriots whose manly and heroic actions adorn British colonial history on this continent.

EDITORIAL.

E have to apologise to our friends for the delay in the publication of the present number of THE ANTIQUARIAN, which has arisen from several obstacles beyond our control. In our next number, which will be ready at an early day, we shall devote a portion of our space to a record of the meetings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society.



THE
CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN,
AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.

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OLD AND MODERN QUEBEC.

ITS STREETS—EDIFICES—MONUMENTS—CHRONICLES—
ANTIQUITIES, &c.

BY J. M. LE MOINE.



ON more occasions than one, it has been our pleasant office to escort literary friends round our streets—our ramparts—our battlefields, occasionally, illustrious visitors: our accepted task, sometimes an arduous one, consisted in ministering to the craving for historical lore which invariably besets outsiders, once drawn within the magic circle of the associations evoked by the Gibraltar of British America.

It has occurred to us that a mode, as effectual as it seems pleasant, of imparting information would be a survey, minute and methodical, of the *locale*, by us so oft travelled over, jotting down what each street offered worthy of note: in fine, to treat our valued friends to an antiquarian ramble round the "Old Curiosity Shop." What a field for investigation.

Has not each thoroughfare its distinguishing feature — its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, or burlesque name? Its peculiar origin, traceable sometimes to a shadowy—a remote past? Sometimes to the utilitarian present. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices—public and private—bristling with the memories of their clerical, bellicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour, is necessarily shed over them by the relentless march of time—by the vicissitudes inherent to human affairs? The edifices, did we say? Their rise—their struggles, their decay, mayhap their demolition by the modern iconoclast—have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder or engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous, drowsy Mansard roof—from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec?

The streets and by-ways of famous old-world cities have found chroniclers—in some instances, of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, &c., why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Show us on American soil, a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Name a town, retaining more unmistakable vestiges of its rude beginnings—of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted forest paths?

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every lane, every square, nay even to the stones and rocks, have a story to tell—a living record—a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare—a memento to thrill the patriot—a legend of romance or of death—war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow slides, riot, &c.?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time, the inmates of such a city, might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past—fall a prey to an overween-

ing love of old memories—become indifferent, dead-like—to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not naturally follow. We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature; that the haunts and homes of men, are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits, impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active—cultured—bustling—progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with sunshine and repulsive dwellings with dank, perennial shadows.

One of our writers has graphically depicted, in French, the character of the high-ways and by-ways of his native city: to his truthful sketch, habited by us in an English garb, we shall allot a corner in these stray leaves:

THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.

(A Translation.) *

"In a large city," says M. Legendre, "each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce—a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such another is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do—the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly—the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of neutral territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates when making calls wear kid gloves, while others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or

* From "Les Echos de Quebec, par N. Legendre."

ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something *distingue* about it, and people hurrying past, assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its pannelling is more gaudy—more striking in colour are the horses; more glitter—more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more *éclat*, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and his master.

"Walk on further—the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you will find but the plain *calèche*.

"Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternize with the street. On fine summer evenings, the footpath gets strewed with chairs and benches, occupied by men, smoking—women, chatting *al fresco* unreservedly—laughing that loud laugh, which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passers-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house dog exulting in the enjoyment of freedom, gambols in the very midst of the happy crowd. These are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully, and jolly. An atmosphere of rowdiness, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who careers over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark—full of pit-falls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or perform strange signs—a kind of occult telegraphy—which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street—nasty and muddy though it be

—but there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway.

"The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery—unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive, on the morrow, a notice to quit.

"Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not, Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of roughs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

Should a drunken man hustle you as he passes, do not mind him, it may end in a scuffle out of which you will emerge, bruised and with rifled pockets.

"We dare not tell you yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you—the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold—your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them—softening influences—sweet emanations of 'Home'!"

PROLOGUE:—FROM "THE ANTIQUARY."



HE days decay as flower of grass,
 The years as silent waters flow ;
 All things that are depart, alas !
 As leaves the winnowing breezes strow ;
 And still while yet, full-orbed and slow,
 New suns the old horizon climb,
 Old Time must reap, as others sow :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We garner all the things that pass,
 We harbour all the winds may blow ;
 As misers we up-store, amass
 All gifts the hurrying Fates bestow ;
 Old chronicles of feast and show,
 Old waifs of by-gone rune and rhyme,
 Old jests that made old banquets glow :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We hoard old lore of lad and lass,
 Old flowers that in old gardens grow,
 Old records writ on tomb and brass,
 Old spoils of arrow-head and bow,
 Old wrecks of old worlds' overthrow,
 Old relics of Earth's primal slime,
 All drift that wanders to and fro :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE NEW ENGLISH POSTAGE STAMP contains a curious blunder. The coronet upon the Queen's head is wrong, heraldically speaking, as since the time of Henry V. *crosses patées* and *fleurs de lis* have alternated in the royal crown, not

crosses and nondescript ornaments. What makes the matter worse, the new stamp only perpetuates the error of the old one, an error frequently pointed out. Further, it is shown that instead of the nondescript coronet, Her Majesty's head should be surmounted with the royal crown, the circlet heightened with *crosses patées* and *fleurs de lis*, and also arched with jewelled bands, while at their intersection would rise the mound and cross, as may be seen on the florin and the coinage of India. As De Quincey says in his essay on Bentley, one would think that errors might be guarded against where the proof-sheets were of steel, but the fact remains that a much more serious blunder was perpetrated by English officials when a good many years ago they minted and sent out to Canada some millions (?) of halfpenny tokens marked *Un sous*—say “One cents.”—*N. Y. World*.

HOW “FINDS” ARE SOMETIMES MADE.



E were considerably moved at the following notice of a “find,” which appeared recently in an Ontario paper, and had visions of some unique pieces to experiment on ;—

“While Mr. Moore, a hotel proprietor of Madoc, was poking in the ore of Mitchell & Co's hematite beds, fourteen feet below the surface he discovered eight most peculiar coins imbedded in the iron ore. He got two loose and brought a lump of ore to the village, where he broke it up and found the other six. The form is something the size of a quarter dollar in circumference, and about one-sixth of an inch in thickness. To explain the characters on the coins would be almost impossible. Some of the characters represent females, a fish, crown, stars, spears, &c. They must be very old, as no one seems to have even heard of such coins ever being used

in Canada. Probably some Indian tribe years ago may have buried them there. In the same bed of ore, eighteen feet down, have been found deers' horns in different shapes."

We were naturally enough on the tiptoe of excitement until this mystery was cleared up, luckily the explanation is so complete as to render further inquiry unnecessary.

The following communication to the *Toronto Globe* tells the plain unvarnished tale :

Hearing and reading a good deal about Mr. Albert Moore's remarkable discovery of old coins in the Mitchell & Co. hematite mine, I made my way hither for the purpose of learning how much truth there was in the stories set afloat concerning them. After visiting the hotel and finding the proprietor absent, I asked to see the coins, but was informed that Mr. Moore had them in his pocket. I then asked to see the piece of ore out of which they had been broken, hoping to be able to make out the impressions they had left, but in this I was disappointed, the bar-tender informing me that the ore in which they had been found was so decomposed that it "went all to powder." Later on I was lucky enough to find Mr. Moore, who at once courteously acceded to my request to be allowed to see the coins about which so much had been said. They were eight in number, and quite unlike anything I had ever seen. Six were discs nearly circular in form, and showing an area somewhat larger than a ten cent piece, but over an eighth of an inch thick. Another was of similar thickness, but triangular in shape, and another was a sort of irregular oblong. The characters upon them were pretty well preserved, and of good workmanship, but of course I could make nothing of what seemed to be the lettering. Upon one was to be seen two human figures with a fish curled into a semi-circle between them. On another was a skeleton leaf or fern, while the crescent, large or small, was to be seen on nearly or quite all of them.

Upon one I noticed that, thick as it was, the stamping of the device upon its centre had concaved it considerably.

After looking them over for some time I asked Mr. Moore a question predicated upon the supposition that they had been found in the hematite mine.

"I didn't find them there," he answered promptly, "and I am very glad to be in a position to set the public right upon this point. That story about the hematite mine was just started as a practical joke on half-a-dozen fellows in the village. But, before I was aware of it, it found its way to the telegraph office and over the wires into the newspapers. I believe some one called to see me from the telegraph office, but I was out, and so he sent the story that by that time was current all over the village. I am very sorry that what was at first intended only as a practical joke upon a few of my friends should ever have taken so serious a shape."

Mr. Moore then proceeded to give me the particulars as to how he secured these rare coins, and how the story of his having found them in the hematite mine got abroad.

In the first place the coins were brought from the far interior of India by an old soldier forty-three years ago. Mr. Moore (who has a fine collection, containing besides this last acquisition some very rare old silver and copper coins) heard of these curiosities in the possession of the old soldier, and finally succeeded in purchasing them from him. Happening to pass the hematite mine with his prize in his pocket and accompanied by a friend, the two conceived the idea of penetrating "a sell on the boys," and to this end they rubbed the old coins with the soft red ore, and taking out two, they left the remaining six in a mass of the soft red earth or oxidized ore which they carried with them to the hotel. Of course everybody who happened to be about the bar when they entered was anxious to learn what constituted the latest discovery at the hematite mine, for the "red paint" on their

hands and boots told at once where they had been. Mr. Moore washed the oxide of iron off the two coins he held in his hand, and then in "panning out" the rest of the red dirt he brought to light six more. It can be easily understood that in a short time there were some pretty thoroughly surprised men standing around Moore's bar-room. Many a time pieces of buckhorn and other trifles had been picked up in this mine in such positions as would prove beyond doubt that the Indians had dug into it to a considerable depth (upwards of 14 feet in some places), but here were relics of an entirely different nature. Could it be true, then, that the Norsemen had visited this continent long before its discovery by Columbus? Could it be that these coins were relics, not merely of prehistoric man, but of a prehistoric civilization! Such were the questions that agitated the "sitters" around Moore's bar-room that evening.

Occasionally would come the question, always in the same formula—

"And do you mean to say that those coins are out of the hematite mine?"

And the answer, true to the ear though false to the sense, was always the same unvarying affirmative, which in this case did not mean that they had ever been in the hematite mine. The joke very soon went too far, however, and, as already stated, the story was given to the general public without Mr. Moore's knowledge or consent, and, it may be added, much to his annoyance. He prizes these old coins very highly, and justly considers that they of themselves possess plenty of interest for the antiquarian or collector of curiosities without being in any way bolstered up by theories founded on pure fiction.

Though not an expert in matters of this kind, I must admit that I do not think Mr. Moore is at all inclined to claim

too much for these curiosities. I certainly never saw any thing at all resembling them in any other collection.

As might be expected, Mr. Moore has been deluged with letters since the hematite story was made public, and to-day he expressed himself as very glad to be at last in a position to put an end to the farce and give to the public the whole truth concerning his rare coins.

W. H. W.

THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON.

BY REV. DAVID HICKEY.



CAPE Breton an Island! Wonderful!—Show it to me on the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear Sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King Cape Breton is an Island."

There are many in our Dominion whose ignorance respecting the interesting Island of Cape Breton, is almost as dense as was that of the stupid old Duke whose language is quoted above. Perhaps there is no portion of our great country so little understood and so greatly misunderstood as the island of Cape Breton. While no part of our country is so rich in romantic reminiscences, no part of it is so little thought of as this historic isle. It is for the purpose of removing prejudice and making this truly wonderful portion of our common country known as it should be, that I write. I have no selfish ends to serve, no crotchets to air, no hobbies to ride, no pet theories to ventilate. Unlike some distinguished travellers of the present day, my subject will occupy the foreground, the writer only appearing on the scene when it cannot be helped. Although my information has been gathered from different sources, it will be presented in

my own way, due credit being given at all times. My aim shall be to give solid and reliable information, rather than glowing generalities or glittering descriptions.

Cape Breton Island is about 100 miles long, 85 wide, and covers an area of some 3000 square miles. It was discovered by Sebastian Cabot in the year 1498, and, according to the best and most authentic accounts, was subsequently visited by the following navigators respectively :

Verazano, a Florentine, in 1524 ; Capt. Hore, an Englishman, in 1536 ; Capt. Strong, in 1593 ; Capt. Leigh, in 1597, and Champlain in 1607.

The first attempt at settlement appears to have been made by the French in 1612. Nicholas Denys, who was appointed Governor of the eastern portion of Acadia in 1637, obtained a grant of the whole island from Louis XIV, in 1654. In 1672 he published in Paris, a geographical and historical work descriptive of the eastern coasts of North America, but it does not appear that any attempt at permanent settlement had been made up to his time. It was not till the French were finally driven out of Nova Scotia, that their attention was directed to the Island as a suitable place for colonization. After mature deliberation they selected the harbor of Louisburg as the site where subsequently was erected the well known fortress, which, considering the times in which it was built, may justly be regarded as a marvel of engineering skill. The ramparts were over two miles in circumference, and mounted 160 guns. In the year 1745, it was attacked by a New England army of 4000 men, commanded by Col. Pepperell, and after a weak defence of about a month, its commander, Gov. Duchambon, capitulated. But France gained by diplomacy what she had lost by arms, for by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) Cape Breton was restored to the French King, only however to be retaken in the year 1758.

The second siege of Louisburg was conducted with far greater spirit on the part of the besieged than the first. The attacking force was under the command of Admiral Boscawen, Maj. Gen. Amherst and Brig. Gen. Wolfe. * They landed in Gabarus Bay on the 2nd day of June, and on the 26th of July the fortress was again in the hands of the English. The garrison consisted of 3400 regulars, 700 militia, besides Indians, while in the harbor were twelve large ships of the line, carrying in all 562 guns. At this distance of time we can only express wonder at the pusillanimity of the defenders, coupled with admiration at the brilliancy of the attack. There must have been over 700 heavy guns (that is including the sloops) brought to bear upon the besiegers. Apart from the traditional bravery of our men, it is evident something was "rotten in the State of Denmark." Perhaps the hands of some Gallic Mores "in heaviness had hung down," to quote the classic phraseology of a certain clerical writer, for certainly history does not record that the French displayed their accustomed *elan* on either of these occasions.

About 30 years after the final conquest of the Island by the English it was erected into a separate colony with Lieut. Col. Desbarres as its first Governor; but in 1820 it was annexed to Nova Scotia, under the name of the "County of Cape Breton." It is however divided into three fine counties—Inverness, Victoria and Cape Breton. It is very irregular in shape, the great Bras D'or Lake pushing itself right into the heart of the country giving it an appearance difficult to describe. Looking at the map you could almost imagine this magnificent Lake was the Island while the rim of land which surrounds it at least on one of its sides was only of secondary importance. This Lake is 50 miles long, 20 wide, and varies 12 to 60 fathoms in depth. The sail upon its placid waters is simply grand, sublime, in spring,—unsurpassed in beauty by anything to be met with in these! Pro-

vinces, I was almost going to say in the whole Dominion. The population of the Island in 1871 was 75,483. It is represented in Parliament by five members, and in the Local House by eight.

COIN NOTES.

By ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D... of *La Grange, Kentucky, U.S.*



IN the French work *Voyages du Sr. A. De La Motraye* in Europe, Asia and Africa, published at the Hague in 1727, I find in Vol. i. p. 289, the following allusion to Diocletian's celebrated *Deleto Christianorum Nomine*. "It is certain that this Emperor (Diocletian) signified his zeal for paganism against Christianity in an extraordinary manner, and in memory of his cruelties struck many coins which are found here and there, (in the vicinity of Constantinople) with these legends:

DELETO CHRISTIANORUM NOMINE SUPPRESSA CHRISTIANORUM SUPERSTITIONE (Pour avoir aboli jusqu'au nom et la superstition des Chrétiens.)

Where may we look for copies of this coin? Does any American collection contain it? I have never seen one.

The same author relates a fact connected with the death of a Pope which is novel:

"The third day after the decease of a pope, his body is placed on a bier with 60 coins of his coronation, 20 gold, 20 silver, 20 copper, these are confusedly mixed to denote that death levels all things, Then the bier is closed and lowered into the tomb with veneration and the accustomed ceremonies."

A writer in Harper's Magazine (No. 194, p 179,) describing the Public Library at Lisbon, Portugal, says "the collect-

ion of coins belonging to this library is very large and very valuable."

Frederick the Great, in the narrative of his "Seven Years' War" explaining how it was that he was able during so many campaigns to sustain a ruinous war against the chief monarchies of Europe, gives some instances of financiering, that were they attempted by civilized nations at the present day would set the world on fire. Amongst others the adulteration of the Prussian coin was a trick. "The subsidies of England," he says, "which were four millions, *were coined into eight*: the money that had been formed by diminishing its value one half offered seven millions. The different sums indicated amounted in the total to twenty-five millions of crowns per annum of *adulterated coin*! The currency of Prussia in 1763 must indeed have been a wretched mess of stuff!

A certain coin so extremely rare, that I have only seen an engraving of it, shows in a forcible manner how the Roman nation wrote its history. It is of copper, about the size of an old-fashioned cent, the Emperor Augustus, after his campaign against the Cantabrians and Asturians, was preparing for his return to Rome. He had entered his 10th Consulship. He had proposed to give 600 denarii (about \$15,) to every citizen, in evidence of his liberality, but a decree of the nation forbade such an act. Then a law was passed expressly freeing Augustus "from every law!" And upon his arrival, public vows and sacrifices for his health and safe return were ordered. Thus far the written history. Now the evidence of the monuments comes in. Coins were ordered to be stamped in commemoration of the event. Upon the front (the obverse) is the nude head of the Emperor and the inscription "AVGVSTO SPQR CAESARI, that is "the Roman Senate and People (order this in honor) to Augustus Caesar." The reverse side gives a fine drawing of a Roman

soldier helmeted holding an ensign in the right hand and the object entitled the *pàrazoniam* in the other. The epigraph is PRO SAL ET RED IOM SACR VOT P SVSC. Filling out the abbreviated words and changing their order we have, *Vota Publica Suscepta Pro Salute Et Reditu Fovi Optimo Maximo Sarra*. The reader will understand how much light such an object shed upon important matters of history.

Another instance to the same purport is seen on a coin struck by one of the cities of western Asia in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. A number of cities (12 or 13) having been destroyed simultaneously by an earthquake, the Emperor and Senate promptly relieved their immediate distresses and rebuilt the cities. In gratitude for this act of beneficence a coin was struck exhibiting the Emperor seated. In his right hand he holds out the *patera*, or sacred dish, used in the Roman worship of the gods. In his left hand is an upright spear, headless. The epigraph is CIVITATIBUS ASIAE RESTITVTIS, that is "the Cities of Asia being restored." Evil as the character of Tiberius was, he often cultivated the arts of charity and the graces. In his intercourse with men he was polite. He coveted the title of a well-mannered man. He pretended to accept the crown with the utmost reluctance and professed great moderation. In his last years, however, he gave himself up to lust and debauchery, and it was then that the metallic monuments styled *Spintrial*, were struck by his orders the only specimens of obscene drawings ever given upon ancient coins. What they are can readily be understood by one who has seen the indescribable vastness of Pompeii.

The reader of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* remarks the exquisite propriety with which the great historian introduces references to the coins of various value. I find in his autobiography under 1764, this memorandum which points to the source of his accurate knowledge of the subject; "After

glancing my eye over Addison's agreeable dialogues (upon coins), I more seriously read the great work of Ezekiel Spanheim *de Proestantia et Usu Numismatum*, and applied with him the coins of the kings and emperors, the families and colonies, to the illustration of ancient history.

And thus was I armed for my Italian journey." In speaking of his immense preparations for the *Decline and Fall* he uses the happy term "subsidiary rays of coins" as expressing the use he made of their testimony in establishing the solid facts of history. The numismatic student only wishes he had given more of these "Subsidiary rays."

The endless variations of devices upon Greek and Roman coins is a source of continued surprise even to the expert in the science. In a bag full of specimens just now emptied on my table, I see enough forms to suggest the whole array of mythological images. Fingering them hastily, I note the following, and shall only stop when I reach the end of the sheet; a trophy between two captives and a branch of palm; a woman resting upon a bed and having a wheat-measure upon her head, in her right hand a waggon-tongue (*temo*), her left hand raised toward her face; a serpent erect before a dish, behind it a caduceus and wheat-ear; two vases upon a table with two palm trees; Cybele seated between two lions, having a spear in her left hand; the legionary eagle between two military standards; the heads of Castor and Pollux joined with stars and laurels; a wolf suckling two boys; a colonist driving oxen joined with two military standards; an altar with fire burning upon it; Apollo, nude, sitting upon a corn-basket, in his left hand a bow, in his right an arrow; a thunderbolt; a triumphal arch; the goddess Juno standing erect, in her right hand a spear, at her feet a peacock; the astronomical sign of the Goat (*Capricornus*) with a globe under his fore feet and a cornucopia on his back; the god Hercules standing to the right; a helmeted

figure standing upon a ship, in his right hand a crown, a trophy in his left hand resting on his shoulder; a woman holding in her right hand a spear around which a serpent is entwined; the head of a bull; a lyre; a temple of six columns; the principal gate of a Roman camp; the god Apollo with a globe in his left hand his right pointing upward; image of Victory winged; &c., &c.

SOME CANADIAN AND OTHER HISTORIC DOUBTS.

*(Read at a Meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian
Society of Montreal.)*

BY HENRY MOTT.



THE sagacity of the French King's famous saying, "*Telle est l'Histoire*," is being proved to us every day by the curious conflict of assertions touching past events, real or fictitious. Many public speakers and writers are apt to look more to the telling qualities of the anecdote they are relating than to the historical accuracy of the story. There is a class of historians who are for stripping from our memory all the epigrams and maxims that ages have created and youth so eagerly seized upon. Even grave Professors of Yale College may be numbered among these historians. It is not long ago since an onslaught was made on some of the most popular historical sayings and stories which have been handed down to us from time to time immemorial; and nowadays the schoolboy of not many years back is required to rid his mind of many pleasant fables. He must no longer cherish the story of Romulus and Remus, the incident of King Canute and the sea, the adventure of Alfred in the shepherd's hut, and the ap-

ple-shooting of William Tell. He must give up the episode of Columbus and the egg because it is claimed that the illustration was employed by another man long before the birth of the great discoverer. Nor is it at all improbable that the identity of Christopher Columbus himself will be destroyed because of Mark Twain's anecdote of the Genoa guide. They were standing beside a certain monument which the guide said was that of "the man who discovered America," and Mr. Clemens quite nonplussed the fellow by saying that he had just arrived from the country mentioned, and that was the first he had heard of such a discovery.

Richard III of England has been "whitewashed," so that we are almost induced to believe he was a perfect dove, and not by any means crookbacked; and as to Cromwell and the Regicides, in the hands of the commentators, they are so dazzlingly white that we can scarcely look upon them.

William Penn, too, you may remember, was painted in such opposite colours by Macaulay and the late Hepworth Dixon, that we have some difficulty in deciding whether he was the gentle Quaker, who aforetime we were taught to regard as the author of the "unbroken treaty," or only a slight remove from a pirate and a buccaneer.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the death of the Danish monarch.

Hume treats the popular legend of Fair Rosamond as fabulous. According to Lingard, instead of being poisoned by Queen Eleanor, she retired to the Convent of Godstow, and dying in the odour of sanctity, was buried with marks of veneration by the nuns.

Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, it is clearly a fancy picture; for the seizure and imprisonment of Richard were matters of European noto-

riety. What is alleged to have befallen him on his way home has found its appropriate place in "Ivanhoe;" and the adventures of monarchs in disguise, from Haroun Alraschid, downwards, so frequently resemble each other, that we are compelled to suspect a common origin for the majority.

The statement of a Welsh writer of the 16th century, that Edward I. gathered together all the Welsh bards, and had them put to death, is implicitly adopted by Hume and made familiar by Gray:—

"Ruin seize thee, Ruthless King;
Confusion on thy banners wait."

It is glaringly improbable, and rests on no valid testimony of any sort.

M^{rs} Aikin was, I believe, the first to demolish the credibility of the celebrated story that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazlerig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England in 1638, when they were stopped by an Order in Council. The incident is not mentioned by the best authorities, including Clarendon; and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition, which, after a brief delay, was permitted to proceed with the entire freight of pilgrims.

Froissart relates in touching detail the patriotic self-devotion of Eustache de St. Pierre and his five companions, who, he says, delivered up the Keys of Calais to Edward III. bare-headed, with halters round their necks, and would have been hanged forthwith but for the intervention of the Queen. The story has been already doubted by Hume on the strength of another contemporary narrative, in which the King's generosity and humanity to the inhabitants are extolled; when, in 1835, it was named as the subject of a prize essay by an Antiquarian Society in the north of France, the prize was decreed to M. Clovis Bolard, a Calais man, who took part against St. Pierre. The controversy was revived

in 1854, in the *Siècle*, by a writer, who referred to documents in the Tower as establishing that St. Pierre had been in connivance with the besiegers, and was actually rewarded with a pension by Edward.

The adoption of the garter for the name and symbol of the most distinguished order of Knighthood now existing is still involved in doubt. The incident to which it is popularly attributed was first mentioned by Polydore Virgil, who wrote nearly 200 years after its alleged occurrence. See *Hayward's Biographical and Critical Essays*.

From the same source is this extract:—

Rabelais has co-operated with Shakespeare in extending the belief that Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey at his own special instance and request; and in a deservedly popular compilation, the precise manner of immersion is brought vividly before the mind's eye of the rising generation by a clever woodcut. Mr. Bayley, in his "*History of the Tower*," can suggest no better foundation for the story than the well-known fondness of Clarence for Malmsey.

"Whoever," says Walpole in his "*Historic Doubts*," "can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard III. helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated."

Among the latest of these rough-handlings of the time-honoured beliefs of our youthful days, comes the startling question:—

"Was Joan of Arc burnt? In a letter to the *Times* newspaper, Mr. A. E. Viles says:—

It is commonly accepted as an historical fact that Joan of Arc was burnt at a stake in the market-place of Rouen, on the 31st of May, 1431. In view of the intended erection of a "national memorial" to this "martyr," a consideration of the following may be ill-timed.

The Abbé Lenglet, in his "*Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*,"

says that La Pucelle made her appearance at Metz some time after her supposed execution, where she was received with due honours, "was acknowledged by her two brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc, and was married to a gentleman of the house of Amboise, in 1436." Her seemingly miraculous escape from "the jaws of a fiery death" is accounted for as follows:—The Bishop of Beauvais is accused by all parties of trick and treachery in the conduct of the trial. It was his known propensity to gain his ends by stratagem, craft, manœuvre, fraud, and dexterity. He sought out and brought forward such testimony only as related to ecclesiastical offences and handed over the decision to the secular judges, whose clemency he invoked. Joan said to him publicly, "You promised to restore me to the Church and you deliver me to mine enemies." (Villaret: "Histoire de France," vol. xv., p' 72.) The intention of the Bishop, then, must have been that the secular judges, for want of evidence, should see no offence against the State, as the clerical judges, notwithstanding the evidence, had declined to see any against the Church. A fatal sentence was, however, pronounced, and the fulfilment of it intrusted to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Immediately after the *auto-da-fé*, one of the executioners ran to two friars and said that he had never been so shocked at any execution and that the English had built up a scaffolding of plaster (*un échafaud de plâtre*) so lofty that he could not approach the culprit, which must have caused her sufferings to be long and horrid. (Pasquier: "Histoire d'Orléans," vol. vi.) Yet she escaped, and appeared, as above stated, at Metz some time afterwards.

The Parisians, indeed, long remained incredulous. They must otherwise have punished those ecclesiastics whose humanity, perhaps, conspired with the Bishop of Beauvais to withdraw her from real execution down a central chimney

of brick and mortar, or, as the executioner called it, "a scaffolding of plaster."

The King, too, whose intimacy with Joan before she fell into the hands of the English was well known, is stated to have recognised her, as her brothers had done, and received her with these words:—"Pucelle, m'amie, soyez la très bien revenue, au nom de Dieu!" She is then said to have knelt at his Majesty's feet and communicated to him the artifice by which she had escaped.

It would be not only curious, but interesting to know on what authority the above historians make these statements, as, could their truth be proved, the greatest stain upon England's victorious arms would be finally wiped away.

The Abbé Lenglet's "*Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc, vierge, héroïne, et martyre d'état, suscitée par la Providence pour rétablir la Monarchie Française*," was published in 1753, in 12mo.; Vilaret's work about ten years afterwards, in continuation of the unfinished labours of De Velly.

May I ask whether these statements have ever been confuted?

During the past twenty years we have been compelled, though with sorrow, to play the skeptic with regard to some of the best-known historic phrases. A revered one of those lately demolished is the story told of the great German poet. It was long believed that Goethe, when dying, exclaimed: "Light, more light!" whereas what he did say was, according to our Yale Professor: "Bring the candle nearer." If we may believe the same reliable authority, the saying attributed to Louis XIV.—"The State! I am the State!"—was never uttered by him at all, but was said by Mazarin some twenty years before the King's time; and, for that matter, before the Cardinal, by Elizabeth of England. Nor was the late M. Thiers the author of the constitutional maxim, "The King reigns, but does not govern," for it was said by

John Zamoyski, a Pole, two hundred years before the time of the distinguished Frenchman. The last words of William Pitt have been variously rendered as, "Oh, my country! how I love my country!" and "Oh my country! how I leave my country!" The latter words are the best authenticated, and yet in the more obscure circles of political gossip in England there has been current a strange story that the real last words of the English statesman were, "I should like one of Bellamy's pork pies." A denial is made of the story that Nelson's last signal at Trafalgar was, "England expects every man to do his duty," and it is asserted that what he did signal the fleet was, "Have the men had their breakfasts?" The oddest story I can now call to mind about the last words of a commander before going into battle, is that related by a certain Gen. Bismark, who flourished several generations ago. He declared that at Blenheim, just before the battle, the Duke of Marlborough was in his coach surrounded by his servants, who were making up his dirty linen. An aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene rode up to ask if the allied forces should begin the advance, whereupon his Grace replied, "Not till my washing is ready." It was Carlyle who deprived the French guard of the credit of saying, "Fire first, Messieurs the English"; and the saying, long attributed to Talleyrand, that "language was given to us to disguise our thoughts," was, it appears, first made by Voltaire. More than 150 years before General Lee talked of "dying in the last ditch," William of Orange wrote to the States General to say that it was the duty of every Dutchman to die, if necessary, in the last ditch to defend the country from the ambition of Louis XIV.

The very pretty story of our own General Wolfe at Quebec has a halo of doubt thrown about it.

When Wolfe was superintending the passage of his boats with muffled oars to the place he had selected for landing

his men, which, *I hope*, was at the spot we now call "Wolfe's Cove," he stood in the bow of one of the boats, gloomy and anxious, as we may well imagine a man of Wolfe's temperament would be, and that he repeated those elegantly polished lines from Gray's *Elegy*:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

And then, it is said, pointing to the heights above, the hero added, "I would rather be the author of those lines, than victor on those heights to-morrow."

It is such a pretty picture that I blush for the iconoclastic hand which shatters it.

The counsel of a celebrated cynic was to the effect that we should believe nothing that we hear and only half of what we see, and there certainly are many reasons against implicit acceptance of the proverb that "seeing is believing." The worst of it is that history has such a woefully short memory, or that the fogs of error begin so soon to gather about active or spoken things, that we are often puzzled to find out the rights or wrongs of a matter that happened so late as the day before yesterday. "There's nothing new, and there's nothing true; and it don't much signify," said another cynical critic, but he was wrong, for literal accuracy in history is a matter always of the very highest importance. The great trouble is that a scrupulous attention to the minor details is unhappily either thought unworthy the pursuit or is beyond the capacity of most historians.

Canadian history, it seems, is full of similar doubts and queries, which we should, each of us, regard as a sacred duty to remove by careful study and research.

I assure you, I am very little disposed to put on airs and

assume a dictatorial role, but permit me, personally, to explain my share in a matter which should be regarded as of considerable importance; possibly, you are all aware that the late Mr. S. Jones Lyman suggested the offer of prizes for the highest number of correct answers to 100 Questions in Canadian History to be published in the *Canadian Spectator*. Mr. Lyman's death occurred after a very short illness before one-third of the questions had appeared, and his mantle descended upon my shoulders; at the time of his death Mr. Lyman had only the answers to six questions verified, and only about 50 to 60 questions in all prepared, the completion of the work fell to my share, especially the gratification of reading through over 750 pages of MSS. which were received, much of it highly instructive, and some of it stupid and irrelevant as it could well be.

Mr. Henry Miles, the winner of the first prize, exhibited an amount of patient research beyond all the other competitors, and the result of his labour, is before you in pamphlet shape. I do not intend to ask you to follow me through the mazes of the hundred replies, but I desire to call your attention to some few which are still obscure, and further to point to some misconceptions and erroneous theories which hang round some of them with a wonderful tenacity.

I have said that "a scrupulous attention to the minor details" is essential in the historian, indeed it is this patience which is the point of distinction between the historian and the mere gossip. As an illustration of my meaning, I would mention two strange errors which Mr. Lyman himself promulgated; errors into which, I submit, he could not have fallen, if he had taken the trouble to enquire into any authorities:—

1st. In a "*Guide to Montreal*" which he prepared, he stated that the "*Place D'Armes*" received its name from

General Montgomery, who drilled his soldiers there during the occupation of the city by the Americans in 1775.

It did not require much research to discover that it was so named in a map or plan forwarded by DeLery to France (dated August 10th, 1717) and designated in his report, as to the advantages offered by Montreal for the purpose of fortifications as follows:—"I have marked a "*Place D'Armes*" in front of the parish church, where might be made afterwards a number of barracks, the houses which are in that part being of small value."

2nd. Mr. Lyman held a notion that Chambly derived its name from *Champ de Blé*, owing to its being situated in a prolific district, especially in the culture of that grain. This I do think must be held altogether visionary.

I fancy there are several of our generally accepted and cherished legends which will not bear the strictest investigation, for the sake of example, I may take the question—

"What is the origin of the legend of the "*Chien D'Or*" at Quebec?

Notwithstanding all that we have read on this subject, the real origin, I believe, still remains in obscurity.

Again; From what is the name of the "*Sault de St. Louis*" given to the Lachine Rapids derived?

Notwithstanding the very circumstantial account of the drowning of the huntsman Louis given by Faillon, I am inclined to think that it is more probable that it received the name from Champlain in 1611, in honor of the King, Louis XIII., who had succeeded to the throne the year before, and from whom Champlain had received a commission to build storehouses for the fur trade, near the rapids.

With regard to the name "*Father Point*" I cannot quite satisfy myself that the story of Pière Nouvel furnishes the correct origin. The name must not be understood as being exclusively confined to the above mentioned Pointe, it seems

rather to be a general term applicable to other known *Pointes* on the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, where the French missionaries were accustomed to land from their canoes for the purposes of prayer, religious exercises, or temporary repose, on their tedious way up and down the river to distant scenes of labour.

I may add that one competitor claimed that it was named after Champlain, he having been called *the Father* of New France.

These, however, are debateable points compared with some other replies to the questions, to which I beg to call your attention: I fear they illustrate very exactly how history is made up, in the minds of the majority, and how it is regarded as a huge joke.

I have already recorded in the *Spectator*, (making allowance for mere clerical errors,) that some of the replies were the wildest which could possibly have been conceived; we were gravely told—

That Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1849.

That the Isle of Orleans derived its name from the Emperor Aurelian.

That the name of the town opposite Longueuil was Caughnawaga.

That Benjamin Franklin laid the first stone of the Rideau Canal in 1827.

And as a set-off, that—

Sir John Franklin attended the conference of the American Commissioners at the old Chateau Ramesay in 1775.

That amongst the notable events which had occurred at Ste. Anne's was the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1849; the confusion of ideas evidently arising from the fact of our present St. Ann's market standing on the site of the old Houses of Parliament; and in reply to the question as to the legal title and status of a Canadian Bishop, two com-

petitors (who must have stolen each other's thunder) naively replied :—

“Has not got any, never had any, except what any man would have.”

I have said that these have been already noticed, but as bad, or worse, yet remain to be told. In reply to the question—

“When was the first coin issued by the Canadian Government?”

I will not vex you with the complication of *disorders*, from the “*Gloriam Regni*” down to the “*Un Sou*” series; but one ingenious historian claimed it for the Wood Coinage of George I. of 1722-23, the object of the well-known Drapier letters of Dean Swift; these half-pennies, after their ignominious discomfiture in consequence of the Dean's bitter lampoons, having found their way in quantity to the New England settlements.

As to the leading question—

“*Who discovered America?*”

If I were to follow the replies through all their ramifications, from the Phœnicians downwards, the question would arise in your minds—

“Who did *not* discover it?”

Some other queries seemed especial stumbling-blocks,—*e.g.*, *The origin of the name of the Bay of Fundy*, every imaginable feature was suggested :

The *bottom* of the Bay, the *top* of the Bay—the tide—the current—the mud—the *everything*, in short, connected with it—until “What are the wild waves saying?” was a weak illustration of my poor overdosed patience in reference to the much-vexed question.

As it stands in numerical order, *Question No. 12*—“*Name the two most heroic acts in Canadian History?*” was a wide field for the *speculators*.

I stated that it was a matter of opinion and debateable, but the two most heroic acts—universally accepted and acknowledged—I thought in my own mind would be—

1st. The fight against the Iroquois under Dollard des Ormeaux in 1660.

2nd. The gallant fight under Mdlle. de Vercheres in 1690-92.

But, besides the above, each competitor apparently had his, or her, own special pet hero or heroine, and he or she, the competitor, was for the time special pleader for the claimant. I give a few of the names at random :

Lallemant, Brebœuf, La Salle; Wolfe, Montcalm, and Brock, (these three were special *pets*,); Mrs. Secord, in connection with the battle of Beaver Dam; De Salaberry (with a better show of reason); nor must I omit the defence of Fort St. John in Acadia by Madame La Tour against Charney in 1643, in the absence of her husband,—down to some local hero, famous for saving some life or lives from fire or drowning.

I may say here, once for all, wherever a question was a little loose, leaving the door open for a “splurge” or “hifalutin” it was seized upon with avidity.

I will now tell you a secret, and it is not without interest, showing how the engineer may be “hoist with his own petard”:

Question No. 37. *When was a minister put in gaol, in Lower Canada for preaching a sermon and what official acts did he perform in gaol?*

During the Episcopate of Bishop Mountain, a marriage was solemnized by a Congregational minister, who being a *Dissenter* (and all marriages not performed by an Episcopalian were considered by his Lordship as illegal,) the marriage was declared null. In his anger, he preached a sermon against Bishop Mountain from the texts—

"Thou worm Jacob." (Isaiah 41. verse 14.)

"Every *mountain* shall be iaid low," (Isaiah 40. v. 4, or, as it was said,

"Thy *mountain* shall become a *Molehill*."

A libel suit was brought against him, and it being decided in favor of the Bishop, he was imprisoned. Whilst in gaol he performed a marriage ceremony.

One competitor sent in *this answer*, which was the correct one, according to the intention of the propounder of the question—but the imprisonment of L'Abbé Fenelon in 1674, *also answered the question*, and the case of the Lutheran minister imprisoned by Louis Kirk, commandant at Quebec, during its brief occupation by the English, 1629-30, *very nearly answered it*, and so the pretty puns upon the Bishop's name were driven to the wall.

So with the questions as to the First Temperance Meeting, and the First Sunday School in Canada, earlier "*firsts*" than were originally contemplated turned up in the enquiry; thus, by degrees, the whole project grew beyond its limits.

I was inundated with correspondence, and out of the mass, one question at least remains unsettled, viz :—

"Whether Prince Edward, (afterwards Duke of Kent,) was received by Sir Guy Carleton in Quebec, when his regiment was quartered there?"

My own idea is that the word "officially" received, would assist to a solution, and admit the testimony which exists in favour of his having been "received."

In the course of the enquiries, it is not a little remarkable how certain questions, not only proved especial stumbling blocks (as I have said) but how the interest in the competitors' minds gathered round certain questions. I would instance a few—

1st. I might say that no question brought out more information than No. 88—

"Whence does the plant called "Soldier's Cup" derive its common and botanical names, and how many varieties are there found in Canada?"

Mr. Miles refers to this in his Appendix p. 102; and furnishes still another name, that of "*Forefather's Cap*," given to this strange plant in a catalogue of the Plants of Vermont.

The *worst* questions were stated thus—

"Name the *first*" or "What was the *first*" "this or that"—there claimed to be so many *firsts* that one grew dazed in the pursuit of the *veritable first*.

Of this character were—

No. 45 *What was the 1st steam vessel with steam power which ascended the rapids below Montreal?*

The "*Hercules*" (a tow boat) was the first vessel that with steam-power, and without other aid, ascended the St. Mary's current, with the ship *Margaret* in ballast in tow, during the season of navigation 1824.

The "*Accommodation*" was the first steamer on the river between Montreal and Quebec—she made her 1st trip from Montreal, November 3rd, 1809. The "*Swiftsure*" followed in 1811, and the "*Car of Commerce*" came later, but these early steamers landed their passengers and freight at the Molson's Wharf at the foot of the current, and these which first ascended the current did so with the aid of oxen or horses.

No. 52.—*What upper deck steamer first descended the Lachine Rapids, and who commanded her?*

The steamer "*Ontario*," Capt. Hilliard, was the first upper-deck steamer to descend the Lachine Rapids, August 19th, 1840. Her name was afterwards changed to the "*Lord Sydenham*."

I may add, that this honour was claimed for eight other steamers,—one, by-the-bye, as early as May 30th, 1817,

"*The Frontenac*," but this did not appear to be authentic.

No. 55 *Which is the oldest incorporated town in Ontario?*

This produced a voluminous controversy, no less than 17 towns having been claimed as the *oldest*.

I think that *Toronto*, incorporated in 1834 is correctly given, although it is claimed for *Hamilton* in 1833, but I have not been able to verify this.

It was claimed for *Cornwall* which was certainly not incorporated until May 30, 1849, and on my writing to the local historian, he replied that his claim was based on the evidence of our esteemed friend, "the oldest inhabitant."

66. *When and where was the first clock factory established in Canada?*

This was a terrible poser while it lasted, but I think we "fixed it up" without prejudice.

It is said that in Montreal, at Cote des Neiges, Mr. Twiss and a man named Dwight made a number of clocks in 18—, also about 1818 a man named Cheney had a factory here, and made a considerable number, some of which are still in existence—but these cannot be accepted as clock factories.

I am promised further information by one who took part in the *modus operandi*—the works were smuggled in from the States via La Tortue and Laprairie; and brought into Montreal in haycarts, they were put into the cases at Côte des Neiges and peddled through the country *à la Sam Slick*.*

But I fear I am growing tedious—there are 2 or 3 more of the questions I desired to glance at, but I must pass them over. I *should* say that the question with reference to the game of Lacrosse elicited the greatest amount of public at-

* These statements received a very singular confirmation, Mr. Edward Murphy bearing testimony to a knowledge of Mr. Twiss, as far back as 1830—and Mr. T. D. King produced one of the clocks for exhibition to those present, its wooden wheels and universally primitive character, attracted much attention.

tention. I received a letter from our old friend and fellow-citizen, Colonel Dyde, and others, and I must not omit that our esteemed friends Mr. Murphy and Mr. Horn furnished some valuable information on this subject.

Of course, our old acquaintance "the *first* steamer which crossed the Atlantic," turned up in full force, but I hope that we have laid that ghost for all time to come, by having decided once more in favour of the "*Royal William*."

The *first* petroleum well in Canada also promised fair to engulf us, but I think we got through unharmed.

The levelling of the Citadel Hill at Dalhousie Square was another puzzle, but a friend "interviewed" Mr. Dorwin, and the old man (a nonogenarian) clearly remembers the facts, and told of how he shot a snipe in what is now "St. Louis Street, during the progress of the work in 1819.

Another *Vexata quæstio* was the freezing of the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer—some *Solons* declared emphatically it was impossible and they would not believe it. I have only to say this, that the record I published in THE ANTIQUARIAN in 1874, was an exact transcript from the diary of the late Mr. Andrews, my wife's father, who, like George Washington, could not tell a lie.

One question more and I shall have finished.

51. *Who invented green tint for bank-notes, and why was that colour used?*

Mr. Miles's answer is terse enough, and one would scarcely have imagined that any dispute could have arisen about it; without doubt the honour must be accorded to Dr. Sterry Hunt; but said one—

"The colour was discovered by accident through the wife of a paper manufacturer spilling some ink on the paper when it was under chemical operations."

Said another—

"It was invented by an Armenian sent to America from

Turkey by missionaries ; the chemical ingredients are a great secret, and the colour is used on account of being hard to copy."

In the course of my examination of the disputed questions, I beg again to remind you that I was plagued by a volume of correspondence, which it was quite out of my power to reply to, especially as it could only have led to further controversy ; and, if this should reach the ears of any one who was seemingly slighted, I desire to apologize, and to disclaim any intentional discourtesy.

I have felt at times disheartened at the confusion of ideas and statements, and have been inclined to dismiss some disputed point with the words of *Betsy Prig*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in her well-known quarrel with her partner *Mrs. Gamp*, with reference to the suppositious Mrs. Harris :—

"Drat Mrs. Harris, I don't believe that there ain't no such a person."

But, on the other hand, in the words of Falstaff, "honour pricked me on," to the end of the work I had accepted.

The most enduring work of Lamartine will probably be his "*Histoire de Girondins*," a very interesting book, if not quite an authentic history. It is said that Dumas Père said to Lamartine, after reading it,—

"Vous avez élevé l'histoire à la hauteur du roman," which seems to me so clever a criticism and a witticism that I repeat it once more, although it is so well-known.

In conclusion, I may say with Cowper,—

"Chatham's language is my mother-tongue,

And Wolfe's great mind, compatriot with my own."

Nevertheless, Englishman as I am, proud of General Wolfe as I am, I have risen from the task I have but unworthily traced with a higher love and greater respect than ever for the names of Champlain, Lasalle, Maisonneuve, and Montcalm, and all the brave men, aye, and brave women too,

who founded "Nouvelle France," who braved the howling wilderness and those "arpenes of snow," as the irreverent Voltaire christened it, and laid the lines four-square to the world of our great inheritance.

They planted the cross in the trackless wilds, and pushed forward, with indomitable courage, the civilization of which we, of this age, are reaping the fruits in the shape of peace and prosperity; nor must I forget those pioneers of our later civilization, of whom I would record as representative names, the family of the Molsons, the Hon. Peter McGill, and Hon. John Young,—these honourable names point to an enduring future, if we only make a proper use of our opportunities:

"'Tis not in our stars, but in ourselves,
That we are underlings."

No country can show a more interesting or more honourable early history than Canada; be it ours to guard it and hand it down to our successors, untarnished, realizing that—

"In all things we are sprung from earth's best blood, have titles manifold."

AN OLD KINGSTON ADVERTISEMENT.



IN a work entitled "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," published by Routledge, London, we read as follows:

"The following is an early specimen of that system of poetical advertising which in recent times has become so common. It is always interesting to note the origin of customs with which we subsequently become familiar:

Notice to the public, and especially to emigrants, who intend to settle on lands. The subscriber offers for sale, several thousand Acres of land, situated in well settled front townships, in lots to suit purchasers.

Particulars about Location,
 May be known by application.
 For quality of soil, and so forth,
 Buyers to see, on Nag must go forth.
 'This much I'll tell ye plainly,
 Of big trees ye'll see mainly.
 'Bout Butter Nut and Beach,
 A whole week I could preach ;
 But what the plague's the use of that ?
 The lands are high, low, round, and flat.
 There's rocks and stumps, no doubt enough,
 And bogs and swamps, just *quantum suff*
 To breed the finest of Musquitoes ;
 As in the sea are bred Bonitos,
 No lack of fever or of ague ;
 And many other things to plague you.
 In short they're just like other people's,
 Sans houses, pigsties, barns, or steeples,
 What most it imports you to know,
 'S the terms on which I'll let 'em go.
 So now I offer to the Buyer,
 A credit to his own desire,
 For butter, bacon, bread, and cheese,
 Lean bullocks, calves, or ducks and geese,
 Corn, Tates, flour, barley, rye,
 Or any thing but Pumpkin Pie.
 In three, four years, Aye, five or six,
 If that won't do, why let him fix.
 But when once fix'd if payment's slack,
 As sure as Fate, I'll take 'em back.

‘THOMAS DALTON.

‘Kingston Brewery (Canada), Nov. 2, 1821.’”

The Mr. Dalton referred to was the grandfather of Mr. William B. Dalton, of the firm of Muckleston & Co. The brewery was situated to the east of Morton's Distillery.

A REBELLION REMINISCENCE.

HOW WM. LYON MACKENZIE ESCAPED.



THE name of Nelson Gorham, of Newmarket," said the Secretary, Mr. Alex. Hamilton, when he was supplying a list of names elected at the meeting of the York Pioneers held recently in Toronto. "reminds me of the account which the late Wm. Lyon Mackenzie gave me of his escape from the Queen's dominion during the rebellion of 1837. When Mr. Mackenzie fled from Montgomery's tavern after a slight engagement at Gallows Hill, he rode north on Yonge street until he reached Newmarket. At Mr. Gorham's house he found shelter. During the night the ladies of Mr. Gorham's household made the distinguished rebel a suit of homespun clothes, and when the morning came Mr. Gorham gave him the best horse in the stable and sent him on his way thoroughly disguised. He made a detour and struck into the lake shore road considerably west of Toronto. When passing through the highland near the head of the lake, he was accosted one morning by an Irishman whom he met in the road, who accused him of having stolen the horse he was riding. Mr. Mackenzie denied the accusation, saying that he was travelling for pleasure. But the style of his attire excited the suspicion of the wayfarer and he refused to let the fugitive go. At last the latter said: "I am William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the rebellion, and am trying to escape." "I don't believe a word of it," said the man. "How am I to know that what you say is true?" Then the promoter of the lost cause exposed a certain part of his under garments, upon which his name had been inscribed in indelible ink. "There is a large reward offered for my head," said he. "Do you wish to profit by it?" "Do you think," said his captor, "that I would have it said of me that I profited by any man's blood. The only thing that troubles me is that I don't know

what to do with you. But rather than take you before the magistrate, I'll let you go." Mackenzie then made his way toward the frontier as rapidly as possible. Between Hamilton and St. David he was pursued by McGrath's troopers, but found refuge in the house of a friend, an Irishman and an Orangemen, as the man was who stopped him on the lake shore. Between Erie and Stamford, at a Mr. McFee's, he secured a boat and was rowed across the river by Mr. McFee, for which action the latter was compelled to quit the country.

THE HEROINE OF THE BEAVER DAMS.



E are indebted to Mrs. Isaac Cockburn, a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Laura Secord who warned the British outpost at Beaver Dams, on the 23rd of June, 1813, of the advance of the American forces from Queenston, for the following interesting additional particulars: Mrs. Secord was born in Boston, U. S. At an early age she came to Canada with her father and family, going to Ingersoll, which place he settled, and was named after him. She married Mr. James Secord, one of a numerous family, all U. E. Loyalists, and settled at Queenston, where he held the position of Surrogate Judge for the District of Niagara. Here she remained quietly until rumour reached her that Lieutenant Fitzgibbon and his little band were to be surprised. Her patriotic spirit was fired with the desire to acquaint them with their danger. But she was only a woman, and the distance long and tedious and through a dense wood. Still she could not rest, and gaining her husband's consent, resolved to make the attempt at all events. She was a woman of a light and delicate frame, and as her patriotic mission had to be performed in the heat and glare of the summer sun, fears were entertained that from exhaustion she would sink by the way. But her steps did not falter nor her courage give way until she reached the Indian encampment, when by the light of the fires she

could see reflected the dusky forms of the savages, hideous in their war paint and feathers. She halted, and as they spied her they all arose and gave a piercing war-whoop, at the same time quickly advancing towards her and demanding, "Woman! What woman want here!" For one moment her courage failed her; but quickly summoning up all her presence of mind, so that they could not detect the least show of nervousness, she said, quite calmly, "I have great news for your chief; I must see him at once." They looked very suspiciously at her; so, to give her words truth, she asked that one of the chiefs might go with her. This, after some parleying, she got them to do, when they found that she indeed had great news to tell. But she paid dearly for it, being nearly exhausted. To her I think can safely be imputed the turning of the tide of the war. Shortly after this Mr. Secord received the appointment of Collector of Customs at Chippewa, to which place they removed, and where Mrs. Secord died about twelve years ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-eight years, respected and beloved by all—indeed, they went so far as to hang the church with black—something very seldom done for any of the laity. She had a special presentation to the Prince of Wales when he was in Canada, and the circumstance just related was told to him. She has one surviving brother, James Ingersoll, of Woodstock, formerly a bank manager, but now registrar of the County of Oxford. She lies in the little churchyard at Lundy's Lane beside her husband.

EDITORIAL.



THE Meetings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society have been held monthly, and many subjects of interest discussed, but the want of a fit place for the holding of the Meetings of the Society, and for the proper exhibition of the cabinet, is urgently felt. The Society is under obligation to Mr. Thos. D. King, for the accommodation he has furnished for the members in his house. It is hoped that some "local habitation" may yet present itself.



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PORT ROYAL—ITS GRAVES.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

(*Stewart's Quarterly.*)

"Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves."



THE Annapolis valley has but few, if any, rivals in the Dominion of Canada either in fertility of soil, soft beauty of natural scenery or historical interest. It was here the first European settlement was permanently made; Port Royal being older by several years than either Quebec or Boston. The valley extends in a north-east and south-west direction a distance of about sixty-five miles, and possesses an average breadth of from six to seven miles. A range of hills, known as the north mountain, runs along its north-western edge, separating it from the Bay of Fundy, and rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, while a similar range of hills forms its south-eastern boundary, but exhibiting an entirely different geological formation; the former being composed of

volcanic trap reposing on the new red sandstone ; the latter consisting of granite resting in many places on metamorphic slate. Through the centre of this valley runs the Annapolis river, one of the largest in the peninsula. The name given to it by the aborigines was *Taywoapsk*, a Micmac word, meaning "opening out through rocks." The French first gave it the name *Lesquelle*, from a small fish—probably the smelt—with which its waters abounded. They afterwards called it the Rivière Dauphine in honour of the heir to the French throne. After the conquest by Nicholson in 1710, the English for a time called it the British river, but this name was soon changed to that it now bears. From the neck of land on which the old town of Port Royal was built, it rapidly widens until it expands into one of the finest basins imaginable, extending from Goat Island westwardly to the town of Digby, and filling nearly the entire space between the ranges of hills just noticed.

The view presented to DeMonts and Poutrincourt as they first sailed into this basin on that fine day in June, 1604, which witnessed the first visit of the white man to its shores, must have been one of unsurpassable beauty and loveliness. The mountain sides and intervale slopes were clad with unbroken primeval wilderness; the songs of birds and the murmurous rippling of the waters on its shores alone disturbed the silence which seemed to have taken complete possession of the scene. In wonder the Indians,—if any were there at the time,—must have beheld the novel spectacle of the French ships moving majestically forward without the aid of the paddle or oar ; and a feeling of awe must have thrilled their souls as they beheld the *white* faces of their future conquerors, who were so very soon to give them a new religion and a strange civilization. Carefully the ships felt their way up the basin, past Goat Island, to what, to their navigators, appeared to be the head of navigation, to the "cape" or

tongue of land, which, at this place, juts out as a spur from the southern hills, crowding the river well over towards the northern and more elevated range on the other side, and helping to form what has long been known as the "lower narrows." Here they landed and looked about them; dense forest occupied the district, and there was nothing to attract the observer but the almost magic beauty of the scenery to the westward; the mountain sides, extending in perspective as far as the eye could reach, were clad with the rich glory of the spring foliage, and the basin which sparkled in the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, or slept in the calm, mellow moonlight, were sufficient to excite the highest admiration. It was while gazing on this charming view, no doubt, that the gallant Poutrincourt decided to seek a grant of a portion of this lovely spot from his friend DeMonts for colonization purposes, but the time had not yet come. Several years were to pass away, and many vicissitudes to be experienced before a permanent lodgment should be made and Port Royal fully founded.

It is not our intention, however, in this article to trace the events which took place here during the hundred years which followed this first visit of the French, but rather to rescue, if possible, some few memoranda connected with them that otherwise, in the course of another generation, would possibly be forgotten forever, to gather up as it were a few fragments from the first British settlers in this Province.

The tourist who may visit Annapolis to-day will find the site of the old French fort as distinctly marked as it was two hundred years ago, owing to the fact that it was not changed by the British when they obtained possession of the place, but continued as the *locus* of the works which they needed for defence for so many years after the conquest. It was on this spot where Lescarbot first gave the American forest the voices of poetic song; here he sang the praises of the natural scenery

that surrounded him, and during the long winter nights and short days of the winter of 1606-7, by his unconquerable animal spirits and cheerful disposition, animated his countrymen in their isolated, and in some degree cheerless position, by catering to their amusements; and from hence, during the preceding summer, he had sailed through "the narrows" and explored the river as far as the tidal waters could carry his boat. He had noted with the eye of an artist, which he really was, the stately elms which then spread their pendant arms along the landward edge of the marshes and intervalles which lined its course, and the luxuriant growth of the *Acer Saccharinum* or sugar maple, the birch, the beech, the ash and oak trees which everywhere clothed the higher lands upon its banks had been admired by his delighted eyes. He had looked with pleasure upon the Moschelle, the Rosette, the Boisile and Beaufré marshes, then open to the floodings of the spring tides and annual freshets, but now, and for two centuries past, dyked in from these influences, and made immensely productive by the hand of labour. It was here, too, that the first convert was made from the heathenism of the Micmacs to the doctrines of the Cross. Membertou, then nearly a centenarian, was a sachem of the tribes, much beloved and respected by those whose destinies it was his duty to rule over. He had been a successful warrior, and his fame as such extended from Labrador to Cape Cod. The old man proved a firm friend to the white settlers, and his grave was among the first dug in consecrated ground in Port Royal. The story of the old man's reluctance, on his death-bed, to be buried away from the tombs of his fathers, is confidently affirmed; it is also said his repugnance was only overcome by being told his example was necessary to confirm the tribes in the belief of their new faith, and as a proof of the sincerity of his own profession. No memorial marks his resting place, nor does tradition even point to its probable site.

"Yet here doth sleep the dust of him who reigned
 So wisely o'er the tribe that gave him birth ;
 Yea, Membertou the Great sleeps in thy earth,
 Port Royal ; he whose many virtues gained
 Respect and love, and both through life retained,
 From noble Poutrincourt, whose name and worth
 The French rule honour still in Acadie.
 Oh, Sachem just, the Indian heart to thee
 Gave homage such as kings but rarely gain ;—
 What mean the watchfires for successive eves,
 Upon the mountain sides and sloping plain ?
 If not to prove how truly friendship grieves
 When good men die, as died great Membertou,
 The greatest chief the warrior Micmacs knew ?"

Nearly one hundred years later, namely, on the 3rd October, 1705, the *heart* of M. de Brouillan, the last but one of the French governors of Acadie, was solemnly buried at a place then called "the Cape," and which forms now the southern extremity of the town. Brouillan had died at sea on the coast, and was buried in its waters, but his heart was, by his own request, taken from the body previously and carried to Port Royal for interment. This fact leads to the supposition that there was another place consecrated for the sepulture of the French inhabitants, and though its precise locality is not now positively known, yet it is not entirely impossible but a little research may lead to its discovery. If such a graveyard exists its origin will certainly be found to be long posterior to the date of the first settlement.

The site of the oldest existing burial place in Annapolis, and which there is evidence to prove was used before 1710, and probably from the date of the earliest permanent settlement is situated about 60 or 70 rods, in a southerly direction, from the Railway station, and has the following boundaries : North by the works and grounds of the old fort ; East by the

*TAYWOAPSK ; in a series of Sonnets, Historical and Descriptive, by the author.

chief street, called by the French Dauphine street ; South by the Court House grounds, and West by a strip of land between it and the river. The lands on the south side of it, and so far south as probably to include the house and grounds of the late Dwight Tobias, Esquire, and extending in width from the street before named, westwardly to the borders of the marsh along the Lesquelle river, formed a portion of the LaTour estates. We are enabled to identify this spot of "historical earth" from an original document still preserved among the archives of the Province. It is therein described as follows :—" Which plott of ground was sold to the said John Adams by Marguerette de Saint Etienne and Ann La Tour, bounded as follows, viz., on the N. E. side by the road leading to the Cape and running along by the said road from the church-yard to a garden formerly belonging to M. de ffalais, in the possession of Major Alexander Cosby, as lieutenant governor, and along the said garden by the road S. S. W. to the swamp or marsh, and from thence to the foot of Captain John Jephson's garden, along the said marsh N. W. to the glassee (glacis), and from thence along the S. E. side of the church yard N. and by E. to the aforesaid road."* On this beautiful "plott" of ground now stand the dwellings of the Rev. T. J. Ritchie, Rector of Annapolis ; the resident Wesleyan Missionary ; of the late George S. Millidge, and of the late Dwight Tobias, together with the Wesleyan Chapel and the Court House. Some few other pieces of the LaTour estates can be yet identified, but the limits assigned to this article prevent us from referring more particularly to them.

Of the English speaking inhabitants of Nova Scotia there are four distinct classes whose descendants have remained in it.

*Extract grant dated Nov. 23rd, 1732, to Charles Vane, Esq.

1. Those who came in with Nicholson at the conquest of Port Royal in 1710, and from thence to 1748.
2. Those who settled Halifax, under Cornwallis, in 1748.
3. Those who came from the old colonies and took the lands comprising the French Settlements—from 1756 to 1763.
4. The Loyalists and Refugees of 1783.

Of the first above named class a few memorials remain to us. There are one or two of the Douglass family who appear to have resided in the old or lower town from about the year 1710 to 1740. In 1724 one Alexander Douglass brought certain charges against the Rev. Robert Cuthbert before the Council. In September of that year it is recorded, "The Board unanimously agreed, that whereas it appears that the Rev. Mr. Robert Cuthbert hath obstinately persisted in keeping company with Margaret Douglass, contrary to all reproofs and admonitions from Alexander Douglass, her husband, and contrary to his own promises and the good advice of His Honour the Lieut.-Governor. That he, the said Robert Cuthbert, should be kept in the garrison without port liberty; and that his scandalous affair, and the satisfaction demanded by the injured husband, be transmitted, in order to be determined at home; and that the Hon. Lieut.-Governor may write for another minister in his room."*

Four years before this event Samuel Douglass, probably the father of Alexander, buried his first wife, and the monument erected to her memory seems to be the oldest now remaining at Annapolis, indeed it may be the oldest to be found in the Province. It reads thus:—

*Murdoch's History N. S., page 420, appendix.

Here lyes ye Body of
 Bathia Douglass wife
 to Samuel Douglass who
 Departed this Life, Octo.
 the 1st, 1720, in the 37th
 Year of her Age.

This inscription is cut upon a very hard slate stone, very like that found near Bear River, or Hillsburg, a few miles down the river, and from the fine state of preservation of the lettering it seems admirably adapted for mortuary records. The edges of the letters are almost as sharply defined as though cut but a dozen years ago instead of a century and a half. Most of the early tombstones found here are of the same material. The widowed Douglass again took upon himself the responsibility of wedlock, for twenty years after the death of Bathia we find that he buried a second wife by her side, and has recorded his appreciation of her by raising a monument to her memory with the following encomiastic record:—

Here lies the Body of
 Rebecca Douglass
 late wife of
 Samuel Douglass
 Who died April 18th 1740
 in the 37th year of her Age,
 Who was endowed with virtue and piety,
 Both a good wife and a tender mother.

In 1732 her husband is styled—in a grant of a lot of land in the lower town—as a *gunner*.

At the time the Douglasses were inhabitants of Annapolis there lived there a family by the name of Oliver, as appears by the following inscription upon the stone which marks the last resting place of the dust of one of them:—

Here lyes ye
 Body of M.
 Anthony Oliver
 aged 58 Years
 Decd April ye 24th
 1 7 3 4

It is said, I believe with truth, that some of his descendants yet survive, and reside in the township of Granville, a few miles west of the old Scotch Fort, whose site is yet fairly visible after the vicissitudes of nearly two and a half centuries, having been erected in 1621. It was in the vicinity of this fort that the oldest, and probably only, existing monumental records of the French occupation have been found. One of these bears the date 1606 (Haliburton), 1609 (Murdoch), and is, I think, to be found in the museum attached to King's College, Windsor; the other bears the single name "Lebel," with the date 1643, and is in the possession of Edward C. Coroling, Esq. I may add that a tradition exists to the effect that the first farm successfully cultivated was near this spot, if it did not include it. But this is a digression.

During the attack made upon Annapolis by Marin, in 1745, Murdoch informs us that Mascarene, who was commander at the time, ordered several dwellings, situated near the fort, to be pulled down. This was done by the advice of the Council; the buildings were accordingly appraised and demolished. One of these belonged to the "late Mr. Oliver," and we learn from his tombstone that he had then been dead eleven years. Another of the houses belonged to a Mr. Ross, and yet another to a Mr. Hutchinson, while one was the property of a member of the Council, Mr. Adams. These buildings were near the fort, and it was feared they would yield convenient shelter to the enemy from the fire of the besieged, and hence their demolition. Perhaps they dreaded the destruction of the fort in case Marin should order them to be burned, as they were dangerously near the works. Mr. Oliver was married, but whether his wife survived him or not I have not been able to ascertain. The tombstone which marks her grave, and which was erected beside his own, I found sunk so deeply into the earth as to hide the date of her decease.

With this very slight knowledge of the English residents, of what to them was still Port Royal, we have nearly all we can know of the *people*, as distinguished from those who were more immediately connected with the administration of public affairs, but we have enough given us to enable the thoughtful and imaginative mind to enter in some degree into the feelings, hopes, joys and sorrows which characterized their daily life. The disturbed condition of the country during the thirty years succeeding its final conquest, caused by the incessant intrigues of the French of Isle Royale, (Cape Breton,) many of whose inhabitants were emigrants from the Annapolis valley, and who considered themselves as still the rightful owners of large portions of its soil—to regain possession. The sometimes open hostilities of the Indians, and the covert, but well known enmity of the Acadians, who still lived in the vicinity, turned “the town” where these people resided into a sort of advanced trench, which any moment might be assailed by a besieging foe. The Adamses; and Winnietts; the Douglasses and Olivers; the Rosses and Hutchinsons; the Jenningses and Wetherbys; the Hansholes and Horlocks,—these were the names of the chief inhabitants of British origin not connected with the garrison, of whose thoughts, feelings and pursuits we know so little and desire to know so much.

To these may be added “Haw the tailor, “who was fined for selling liquor, and who, been highly incensed thereat, surrendered the patent by which he held a piece of land in the “upper town,” and left the colony in disgust—probably for the colony’s good.

Among these families, that of the Winniett’s stood first, probably both in influence and antiquity. I might add in *position* also, if it were not that at this period one of the inhabitants (Mr. Adams), was a member of His Majesty’s Council, an honour to which Mr. Winniett was not raised till

some years afterward. The religious needs of these people, who were Protestants, were ministered to by the Garrison Chaplains. We have already seen, in the charges made by Alexander Douglass, how one of these is supposed to have abused his privilege as a clergyman; and it would be very interesting to us, at this day, if we could recover the little drama acted in Port Royal, the Reverend Robert Cuthbert and Margaret Douglass being the chief actors, and which called forth the severe reprehension of the Council against Cuthbert. Of the names above enumerated only two have descended to the present times—those of Oliver and Winniett.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

THE GREENBACKS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(*Portland Advertiser.*)

IN a speech at New Haven, General Butler made three separate statements which ought to be considered together. He said that the Continental currency performed a great service for the colonies; that it was wise to repudiate the currency when it became depreciated; and that more greenbacks ought to be issued. This means, and can only mean, that General Butler is willing to see the greenback currency follow the Continental currency into discredit and ultimate repudiation. Let us see what the experience was, repetition of which he invited.

The colonies had received a severe lesson in the matter of paper money before the revolution. In 1749 the old tenor paper issues in New England were:—

Massachusetts.....	£2,466,712
New Hampshire.....	450,000
Rhode Island.....	550,000
Connecticut.....	281,000

In 1750 Massachusetts redeemed her whole issue at the market value in coin, which was about 9 per cent, and resumed specie payments, earning thereby the designation of the "silver colony." The result was that trade revived, shipbuilding increased, and the fisheries, which had been declining, began to prosper. Connecticut undertook to contract her currency gradually. Rhode Island went on expanding, and the West India trade slipped away from Newport to Salem and Boston. In 1774 Massachusetts was out of debt. In 1775 representatives of the New England colonies met to consult on the prospect of war with the mother country, and it was agreed that the Rhode Island and Connecticut paper, which was all the money they had, should be allowed to pass in Massachusetts.

This was the condition of New England when the representatives of all the colonies, in the same year, assembled in the Continental Congress. This Congress might invite contributions from the colonies, but had no power to require the payment of a tax. The members had been accustomed to paper issues. It is a singular proof of the plausibility of the theory of paper money, that Franklin, in spite of his strong common sense, was fully persuaded that paper issues upon the faith of the Continent would be equivalent to gold or silver. The first issue, in August 1775, was for 300,000 Spanish dollars, redeemable in three years. It was contended that the colonies must consent to taxation, but this suggestion was silenced with the reply that it would be wicked to tax the people when the Congress could get money by the cartload from the printing office. It was argued too, just as the advocates of the same kind of money now argue, that the Continental currency was the safest that could be devised, because there was no danger that it would be exported. So the "American system of finance" was inaugurated.

By 1776 the Continental currency amounted to nine millions and began to depreciate. The Congress passed harsh measures to sustain the credit of the bills, but to no purpose. Committees of safety undertook to punish tradesmen who refused to sell their goods for what was considered a fair price. All in vain. The issues continued to multiply and to depreciate, until in 1779 over 350 millions had been issued, the whole amount was worth not more than seven millions in coin. Coin had completely disappeared. The Congress knew not how to provide for the army, and began too late to call on the colonies for taxes. The French alliance saved the colonies from destruction, not so much by military aid as by enabling them to procure loans in Europe so as to continue the struggle. In the spring of 1780 the bills were worth only two cents on the dollar, and ceased to circulate. This was the darkest period of the war, the spring after the memorable winter at Valley Forge; but it was the darkness that precedes the dawn. Specie came into circulation gradually, as the bills disappeared, and in October 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the war was over.

It is evident that the Continental currency did not save the colonies, as General Butler pretends, but came near betraying them to their destruction. If it had preserved the republic, it would have been at a cost of private wrong, which nothing but the exigency of war could excuse. It is proposed now to try the same plan in time of profound peace. Let us see first, how the earlier experiment affected private interests.

Maine, during the period from 1775 to 1780, was a part of Massachusetts, and Parson Smith's diary, at Falmouth, is as good a contemporary record as can be found. Here are some extracts:—

1776.

Sept. 16.—I gave up the whole of my last year's salary to the parish, and accepted £75 for this year.

1778.

Oct. 30.—It is a melancholy time upon many accounts. Lawful money is reduced to be worth no more than old tenor. Creditors don't receive an eighth part of their old debts, nor ministers of their salaries.

1779.

Jan. 28.—Congress have called in fifteen millions of their dollars by way of tax this year; two millions is the part of our State.

April 1.—There is a grievous cry for bread in all the seaport towns, and there is but little meat and no fish yet.

April 7.—Indian meal is sold at 30 dollars a bushel.

April 27.—I hear wood is 52 dollars a cord in Boston, and flour at £50 per hundred, i.e., a barrel is more than my whole salary.

May 8.—Corn is now sold at 35 dollars a bushel, and coffee at 3 dollars a pound.

June 1.—Molasses is raised to 15 dollars, coffee 4, sugar 3.

June 10.—A man asked 74 dollars for a bushel of wheat meal.

June 11.—Green peas sold at Boston at 20 dollars a peck. Lamb at 20 dollars a quarter. Board 60 dollars a week.

June 17.—We bought three pounds of halibut for a dollar.

Aug. 23.—We bought a pound of tea at 19 dollars.

Nov. 15.—Parish meeting about salary. Voted to do nothing.

Nov. 22.—Capt. Sanford brought me 400 dollars, gathered by subscription.

Dec. 23.—Wood is 70 dollars a cord; coffee 8 dollars a pound.

1780.

March 24.—Young Mussey asks 500 dollars, i.e. above £1100, for a hat. Labourers 30 dollars a day.

Oct. 2.—The Tender Act repealed lately.

1781.

Aug. 18.—Wood is 2 dollars a cord; never so cheap.

Aug. 22.—There is only hard money passing, and little of that.

1782.

March 20.—Parish meeting; voted Mr. Deane and myself each an £100 for last year and this, with contributions.

Parson Smith was now 80 years old, and Mr. Deane had been employed as his colleague. Mr. Deane also kept a diary, by which it appears that the price of a pound of tea

in 1773 was a dollar. In 1779, when Parson Smith paid 19 dollars for the same luxury, it was really much cheaper, as a dollar in silver was then worth 29 dollars in currency. In May, 1781, Mr. Deane made a journey to Massachusetts. On his way up, he paid £4 16s. O. T. for ferriage at Portsmouth; on his return he paid a pistareen in silver at the same place.

This confusion was the golden opportunity for speculators. Labourers received \$30 a day, but it took more than two days work to pay for a cord of wood or a bushel of corn meal. There are few families which have not kept some traditions of losses at that time. A lady in 1779, for example, complained through the public press, that her guardian, having invested her fortune six years before in real estate, had kept the land and paid her in legal-tender bills. Pelatiah Webster, in his Political Essays, published in 1791, says of the Continental currency :—

If it saved the State, it has also polluted the equity of our laws, turned them into engines of oppression and wrong, corrupted the justice of our public administration, destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it, enervated the trade, husbandry and manufactures of our country, and went far to destroy the morality of our people.

It is little wonder that the Federal constitution, framed in 1787, provided that no State shall "emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold or silver coin a tender in payment of debts." The men of that time had a wholesome distrust of legal-tender paper. Mr. Madison, commenting in the Federalist upon this provision of the constitution, says :—

The extension of the prohibition to bills of credit, must give pleasure to every citizen, in proportion to his love of justice and his knowledge of the true springs of public prosperity. The loss which America has sustained since the peace, from the pestilent effects of paper money on the necessary confidence between man and man, on the necessary confidence in the public councils, on the industry and morals of the people, and on the character of republican govern-

ment, constitutes an enormous debt against the States chargeable with this unadvised measure, which must long remain unsatisfied; or rather, an accumulation of guilt, which can be expiated no otherwise than by a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of justice of the power which has been the instrument of it.

SOME NOTES ON OLD MONTREAL.

(A Paper read before a meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal.)

BY EDWARD MURPHY, ESQ.



GRATEFULLY to a promise made at the last meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, I beg to read a short paper on the necessity of a "Topographical History of Montreal," and crave your indulgence for its crude manner.

If time permits, I shall illustrate this paper by reading some extracts from notes which I have made from time to time, during many years past, on the streets of Old Montreal.

Although we may not have (and in point of fact have not) as much historic matter to draw from as Mr. LeMoine has had for his admirable work on the streets of Quebec, yet there is much of interest to be collected even here, indeed quite enough to make up a good-sized volume.

The general design of the work, in my opinion, should be a topographical history of the streets of Montreal, including such archæological and antiquarian matters as can be collected. The writer or compiler should lead his readers through the streets of the city and suburbs, noting as he goes along the present old buildings and the sites of older ones still, where such and such important or notable personages of the past lived, describing the buildings (few now remain) and giving at the same time the history and other matters of interest connected with the localities—

such as biographical notices, anecdotes and traditions that have been handed down of the persons who formerly figured in connection with the places described.

Without entering further into details as to what such a work should take up, I may remark here that as late as 1840 St. Paul, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sacramento, Notre Dame and others of our present business streets contained the private residences of many of our first citizens, where stores and warehouses only are now to be seen. Indeed, I may say that previous to 1837 not half-a-dozen of our merchants and professional men lived outside of the old city proper, viz., from McGill Street to Dalhousie Square, and back to Craig Street, which was its northern boundary. At that time, and even later, St. Louis Street and its "Seven Galleries,"* a terrace of one story buildings, were the fashionable residences of the military of the day.

Very few of the present generation can have any idea of the great changes that have taken place since 1840. In St. Sacramento Street, on the site now occupied by the Merchants' Exchange, stood, a little off the street, with lilac trees growing in the parterre, the residence of Mr. St. George Dupré. He was one of the old noblesse, a very *distingué* looking little man.† The next house to Mr. Dupré's was the town residence of the de Lotbiniere family; this still stands, and is the present No. 17. It is the last of the old buildings standing in that street.

Hospital Street, forty years ago, had in it some respectable private residences. In a long building next to the North British Chambers, Maitland, Tylee & Co. had their stores, and Mr. Maitland lived over the warehouse. At the

*So called from a terrace of seven houses, each with a gallery in front.

†I remember him well, every fine morning in the summer season, taking his "constitutional airing" on horseback, either down St. Francois Xavier Street to the river or upon his way to the suburbs.

present Nos. 10 and 12 in that street was located Workman's Academy—an institution which turned out a greater number of able and successful commercial men and bankers than any school of the day. I may name here, among many others, the late Benjamin Lyman, Hon. L. H. Holton, A. M. Delisle, Thos. Workman, Alfred Savage and others.

In St. Paul Street, forty years ago, most of the merchants lived over their stores or warehouses, and many of them boarded their clerks with their own families. Between thirty-five and forty years ago the late Hon. George Moffatt lived next door to the extensive warehouses of the firm; a portion of these buildings still remain, representing the present Nos. 310 to 316. The late John Carter, James Shuter and others also resided over their warehouses. The late John Torrance, up to about 1840, lived over his store, on the south-west corner of St. Paul and St. Nicholas Streets. William Lyman lived over his stores—present Nos. 452 and 454 St. Paul Street. And so on of others.

Notre Dame Street, at the time I write of (forty years ago) was, from McGill Street to Dalhousie Square, with the exception of a few shops opposite the Court House, all private dwellings.

A street or topographical history of Montreal—such as has been so well done for Quebec by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., and for Toronto by Dr. Scadding—is, I believe, a generally recognised want, and the writing of such a work should not be delayed. If put off much longer, it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to write, as many of the old landmarks have passed away. House after house, church after church, public building after building have been pulled down to make way for the improvements which the increased business of the city demanded, thus obliterating the connection that a few years ago existed between the past and the present of our good city.

The general appearance of Montreal had changed but little during the half century previous to the Rebellion of 1837-38. Since that time, however, the changes have been very marked. About 1840 the city commenced to grow rapidly in population and commercial importance, necessitating the pulling down the buildings referred to and making the extensive improvements required to meet the increasing trade of the city.

Many of the present generation do not even know the sites of some of the most interesting of our old buildings, such as old Christ Church, old St. Andrew's Church, the "Old Market" place, old Jesuits' Church and grounds, site of old Jail; nor that the old French Church stood on the line of Notre Dame Street—the front facing Notre Dame Street west, and the back Notre Dame Street east—completely blocking the way, so that people had to pass round the Square in going from one part of the street to the other. The Hotel Dieu on St. Paul Street, the Grey Nunnery on Foundling Street, the Recollet Church on Notre Dame Street, and the old College on College Street, although but recently removed, are being forgotten, and another generation will in turn forget their sites.

The object of this paper is to call the attention of some one qualified for the task to the necessity of undertaking this work without delay and before the memory of, as well as the landmarks themselves, shall have entirely faded away. I am sure there are many in this city—indeed I know there are some in our own Society—well qualified to write such a history as I have suggested, which would in my opinion be well received, and, I have no doubt, be very popular and interesting. I think the public are ready for it.

Before closing, I may say that in my notes I have been careful in defining the sites of old public buildings and the private residences of some of the old noblesse and other

personages of note in the past. The positions of the various Points, such as *Pointe a Calliere*, *Point a Blondon*, &c.; localities known by certain names some years ago, but long since gone into disuse or changed, such as the Citadel Hill, &c., are carefully noted. Location of the watercourses that passed through the city—open streams in olden times—and the ornamental and other bridges that spanned them, now filled up and obliterated by the modern system of drainage, are described. Why old tanneries and breweries were built in certain locations? The style of architecture and appearance of buildings forty or fifty years ago,* and some peculiarities of the manner of doing business at the time referred to. I have collected anecdotes of the past and have recorded some interesting matter, all of which I shall be happy to place at the disposal of anyone who will undertake the writing of a historic topography of the city of Montreal.

[MEM.—At the close of Mr. Murphy's paper, in accordance with his promise, he read copious extracts from his "Notes," which were full of pleasant memories and fully bore out the value of his suggestion that the publication of them would be of great interest. Mr. Murphy also exhibited several sketches of Old Montreal, illustrative of the style of old buildings, &c., &c.]

The thanks of the members present closed the proceedings of the meeting.

We understand that the suggestion of publication was taken up by a leading member of the Society, and that a volume will be forthcoming at as early a date as possible; other interesting MSS. having been offered for the purpose.—ED. ANTIQUARIAN.]

*The houses at the beginning of this century were generally of "rubble masonry" or of wood, one or two stories high—the former with iron shutters. Some houses on St. Paul Street were two or three stories high, of Ashlar masonry. The buildings in the old city proper were generally of stone.

NOTES ON JEAN NICOLET.

BY BENJAMIN SULTÉ, OTTAWA.



At what time was Nicolet appointed interpreter of the Company of New France, otherwise called the Hundred Associators or Partners?

Nicolet arrives in the country in 1618, being a nominee or protégé of Champlain. He goes immediately to Allumettes Island, on the Ottawa, in order to study the Indian language. In 1622 he is noted as having already a very extensive influence among the Algonquin Indians. And for a period of eight or nine years after 1622, says Father Le Jeune, a particular friend, he lived with the tribes of the Nipissing—that is from 1623 to 1631.

In 1627, the Company of New France is founded, fulfilling the views of Champlain, whose friendship towards his protégé, Nicolet, may have induced him to give him the rank of official interpreter, which he fully deserved. It is to be noted that Hertel, Godefroy, Marguerie, Marsolet, Brulé and Le Tardif, were, as well as Nicolet, all young men of thirty years, or thereabout, at this period—1627; and that they had had already a good many years of experience among the Indians. In speaking of them, our historians have always styled them interpreters, and so they really were. I may add that I believe I have always noticed the above named persons mentioned in the writings of this period as “interpreters.” We know, also, that Hertel, Brulé, Godefroy, Marguerie and Le Tardif were located or had charge of various localities of trade between Gaspé and Montreal, during the time that Nicolet was living among the tribes of the Upper Ottawa and the Nipissing region, and 1618–1629, leaving that country to himself, and partly to Marsolet, who resided there, I believe, for some period prior to 1629.

In my *Life of Nicolet*, I say that I am not certain that he did or did not return to Quebec before 1629. My impression is that he might have been there in 1628, to receive orders from Champlain on account of the new state of things inaugurated by the creation of the system of 1627—"The Hundred Associators"; but I see no reason why he should not have ranked from that time with the interpreters of New France. The *Relation* says that he remained with the Nipissing during the occupation of Quebec by the English—1629-32.

July 19th, 1629, Quebec is taken by Kertk; surrendered back to the French in July, 1632, when Emery De Caen took possession, and landed with the Jesuit Fathers.

In July, 1632, was the month, I might say the only month, during which the trade of the Great Lakes was performed on the St. Lawrence, mostly on the spot where Three Rivers stood afterwards. The flotilla of bark canoes used to spend from eight to ten days, and no more, in that place, very seldom reaching Quebec. Therefore, so soon as De Caen arrived in July, 1632, he was in a position to send orders to the most remote interpreter of the country, Nicolet, through the Indians returning home that very month. Generally it took five weeks for them to reach Georgian Bay.

It was in 1633, I firmly believe, that Nicolet was ordered to go down to Quebec, as I have thus explained. The *Relation* says positively, that on the French resuming possession of Quebec, he was called to the Colony. Champlain arrived from France on the 23d of May, in that year. In June, he caused a small fort to be built about forty miles above Quebec, to afford protection to the trading flotilla descending the St. Lawrence, and which was always much exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois, especially when having landed at Three Rivers to trade. It was thought

advisable to draw the trade nearer to Quebec, and thus the St. Croix fort was established in June, 1633. During the same month, and in the early part of it, one hundred and fifty Huron canoes arrived to trade. They must have left their country by the 1st of May, and travelled fast. No doubt that that "engressement," and the great number of them, can be explained by the news of the return of the French to Quebec in the preceding year. Nicolet must have been with them. In the meantime vessels arrived safely from France, loaded with provisions, people and supplies of various kinds. The promise of a bright period would seem to have dawned upon the Colony. No wonder that Champlain should have taken advantage of this happy state of affairs to develop his scheme of exploration in the far and unknown country, the door of which he had reached in a single day, and where Nicolet had resided for so many years. Even supposing that Nicolet did not go down to Quebec in 1633, he could have gone; and he certainly went there in the month of June, 1634, because he started from that place on the 2d of July with Father Brebeuf to proceed to the West.

Now, as I have already said, he had every right to be regarded as an interpreter from at least 1622. He may have been placed as such on the pay list in 1627; but having, as I presume, rendered very little service to the Hundred Associators between 1628 and 1633, it is likely that his employ as interpreter in full pay only dated in reality from the summer of 1632. So soon as he reached Quebec with the Indians of his "Agency," either in 1633 or 1634, he was nothing else, I am sure, but an interpreter of the Company, paid by them, and receiving his orders from them, through Champlain, their representative.

Why not say, therefore, with the *Relation*, that he was an interpreter of the Hundred Associators when he was sent to

explore Wisconsin? That, in my estimation, would be quite correct.

That Nicolet was interpreter at Three Rivers is not stated; and he could not have been, because the fort at that place was not yet built, and the trade of 1632 and 1633 which took place partly at St. Croix, and partly at Quebec and Three Rivers, must have been attended by the various interpreters already mentioned in these notes, whilst nothing can explain how Champlain would have employed Nicolet at that period of his life on the St. Lawrence, after having prepared him with so great pains to carry on the business in the West.

It happened that when Father Brebeuf and Nicolet left Quebec for the West on the 2d of July, 1634, an expedition had sailed from there on the 1st of that month to go to Three Rivers to establish a fort. On the 4th, they were all arrived at that latter place; and the first pickets were planted under the eye of Nicolet, who immediately after renewed his journey to the West, in company with the Hurons who had been trading at Three Rivers that year; for they were determined not to go any farther in the direction of Quebec, and that is the reason why Champlain abandoned St. Croix and established Three Rivers. In 1635, trade was carried on with the Hurons at Three Rivers between the 15th and the 23d of July. Had Nicolet returned from Wisconsin with them? I calculate that the trip from Quebec to Wisconsin must have taken ten weeks each way, leaving thirty weeks of the year—from July, 1634 to July, 1635—for the transactions connected with the object of his voyage, which is plenty. Consequently, he had time to start in July, 1634, and return in July, 1635.

From that moment, or rather from the 9th of December, 1635, we find Nicolet residing at Three Rivers as interpreter—and so continued till the year of his death, 1642.

Jean Nicolet, it will be seen, arrived in the colony in 1618, and immediately went to reside on the Ottawa river and Lake Nipissing. The *Relations des Jesuites* say that he remained there until the country was restored to France by the English, in 1632. The first time we find Nicolet below Montreal is in July, 1634, when Father Brebeuf states that he travelled up with him to Allumettes Island, on the Ottawa. The party with which Brebeuf was, passed Three Rivers, half-way between Quebec and Montreal, on the 4th of July, 1634. From Allumettes Island, where Nicolet had landed, Brebeuf travelled to the Huron missions, on the shore of the Georgian Bay. These facts are taken from the *Relations*.

Now comes my supposition, which is entirely new to historians. Nicolet left Allumettes Island about September, 1634, and went to Wisconsin. He must have spent the winter there, in order to return to Canada with the trading parties the following summer. The Indians from the Great Lakes used to reach Three Rivers in July and August; never before nor after that period. They were there on the 20th of July, 1635.

On the 9th of December, 1635, I find Jean Nicolet, interpreter, at Three Rivers, as recorded in the register of the church; and again on the 21st, 27th and 29th of the same month. Again on the 7th and 9th of January; 20th of April; 30th of May; and the 28th of August, 1636.

Nicolet must have spent the winter of 1636-37 in Three Rivers, because we find him on the 16th of April, 1637, leaving that place to go to Quebec at the call of the Governor-General. Eleven days after he is present at a council at Quebec, in the interest of the establishment of an Indian settlement at Three Rivers. During the summer of that year he is mentioned in the *Relations* two or three times in connection with the defence of that village against the Iroquois.

At Quebec, 7th of October, 1637, Nicolet marries Marguerite Couillard. The marriage contract is dated in that city, 22d of October, 1637. On the following 18th of November, he is mentioned in the church register at Three Rivers, where he spent the whole winter of 1637-38. From that moment his wife is present at church nearly every month in Three Rivers up to 1642, the date of Nicolet's death, as the register shows. The register for 1638 only contains the first five months of that year. Nicolet's presence, during that period of five months, is mentioned only on the 19th of March. After that we find him again at the same place on the 9th of January, 1639. There is no probability that he went to Wisconsin and returned during that short period of less than ten months, of which the half was not fit for travelling back from that remote point to the St. Lawrence. Besides, we know that the spirit of discovery had died with Champlain on the 25th of December, 1635; and we may also believe that Nicolet, after his marriage, never again attempted those daring excursions among unknown nations that marked his early career. He is present at church in Three Rivers 9th of January, 4th of March, the 16th, 18th and 20th of July, and the 7th of December, 1639. On the 9th of October of the same year, he was present at Quebec to attend the marriage of the father and mother of Jolliet. Nicolet is at Three Rivers again on the 26th of January, 1640. He died two years after that date; and during all that time we trace him month by month in the parish register of Three Rivers.

In brief, Nicolet must have traveled to the Mississippi in the year 1634-5, from July to July, because that period is the only one during which we cannot find him on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

Nicolet had nothing to do with the Jesuits. Therefore, it is not possible that he travelled on discovery in connection

with those Fathers, who, at that time—1636, and afterwards—were the only persons taking an interest in Western discovery. Being an employé of the Hundred Partners, Nicolet remained at Three Rivers from 1635 to 1642; and we know that neither the Hundred Partners nor M. de Montmagny, the Governor-General, who came to succeed Champlain in June, 1636, troubled themselves about the Great Lakes, and the country beyond them. I cannot see any reason why Nicolet would have visited Wisconsin after the death of Champlain; after he had abandoned the life of the woods; after he had got married; after he had become an employé of the principal commercial company of Canada; when nobody seems to have wanted him to resume his old style of life; but, on the contrary, at a time when his presence at Three Rivers was so important both winter and summer.

The following note is appended by Mr. L. C. Draper, Secretary to the Historical Society of Wisconsin:—

It seems proper to explain what called forth the foregoing paper on Jean Nicolet. The advent of this early and hardy explorer to Wisconsin is not noticed by our great historian, Bancroft, nor by our own Wisconsin historian, Gen. Wm. R. Smith. And even that careful antiquary, Dr. J. G. Shea, has not given him the credit of visiting our territory as early by some five years as he is justly entitled.

Father Le Jeune, in his letter of Sept. 10, 1640, published in the *Jesuit Relations*, states substantially that "Nicolet, who had penetrated farthest into those distant countries, avers that had he sailed three days more on a great river which flows from that lake [Green Bay], he would have found the sea"; hence, Mr. Shea infers, as this was written in 1640, that Nicolet's Wisconsin visit must have occurred not very long before, and thus, his *Discovery of the Mississippi*, 1852, places it "as early as 1639," and again "about 1639"; while in his *Indian Tribes of Wisconsin* (Wis. Hist. Colls., 1857, iii, 126), he says "in 1639," which he repeats in his edition of Charlevoix's *New France*, 1866, ii, 137, note.

Parkman, following Shea's earlier work, places this event, in his *France and England in North America*, 1869, as occurring "in or before the year

1639;" and in his *Jesuits in North America*, 1870, has it "as early as 1639." *Neill's Minnesota* adopts Shea's later date of 1639.

In 1876, Mr. Sulté, the author of the foregoing paper, published his excellent *Mélanges D'Histoire et de Littérature*, in which he devotes a chapter to Jean Nicolet, showing that he made his Wisconsin exploration in 1634-35. Mr. Sulté's attention was called to a possible later period as the time of Nicolet's visit; and this inquiry drew from him the subjoined paper, proving quite conclusively that he made his eventful journey to Wisconsin in 1634-35, and could not have made it at a later period.

The further question which Mr. Shea avers, and Parkman twice repeats, that Nicolet partly descended the Wisconsin, and which the Canadian historian, F. X. Garneau, in the *Journal de Québec*, of April 20, 1854, admits may have been so, if "the most liberal interpretation" be assumed. Mr. C. W. Butterfield controverts this point, with apparent success, in a monogram on *Nicolet's Discovery of Wisconsin*, which will soon be given to the public, and will deservedly attract the attention of all lovers of the truth of history.

That "Nicolet was a remarkable man," as Parkman asserts, is abundantly shown by the *Jesuits Relations*, Ferland's *Notes sur les Registres de Québec*, the works of Shea and Parkman, and the forthcoming volume of Mr. Butterfield.

THE MANX SCRIPTURES.



At a recent meeting of the Society, Mr. C. S. Baker exhibited a copy of the Bible in the Manx tongue, accompanied by the following notice of this rather rare edition of the Scriptures in a now fast-disappearing language.

The first translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Manx language was entrusted to twenty-four persons, nearly all of whom were residents of the island, and, with only one exception, held clerical appointments. This was about the middle of last century. After passing through their hands, the final revision was entrusted to Drs. Kelly and Moore, the former of whom was at the time only eighteen years of age, but had displayed such critical knowledge of Manx, which was his native language, that the work was entrusted to him. He transcribed the whole work from Genesis to Revelation for the press, and in

conjunction with Dr. Moore corrected and revised the proof sheets. The feelings with which Dr. Moore regarded his work may be inferred from a clause in his will, in which he blesses God "for all the comforts of his existence, but above all that he had a capital hand and concern in the Manx Scriptures." He died in 1783, but not before he had seen the whole work completed. The first part of the Old Testament was printed in the year 1770, at Whitehaven, on the adjoining coast of the County of Cumberland. The preservation of the second part of the manuscript reminds us forcibly of a similar adventure that threatened the loss of Cæsar's Commentaries. While Drs. Moore and Kelly were proceeding to Whitehaven to superintend its printing, a storm arose and almost everything on board was lost except the manuscript, which they preserved by holding it above the water for the space of five hours. In 1772 the Old Testament was completed and published, to the great joy of Bishop Hildersley. This good man had frequently said, "I wish but to see the sacred volume finished, and should then die happy, die when I may." On the last sheets of the work being placed in his hands, he very emphatically sang the "*Nunc dimittis, Domine*" in the presence of his family. This was on Saturday, Nov. 28th 1772. On the following day he preached with more than usual fervour on the uncertainty of life, and on the Monday he was seized with an attack of apoplexy which deprived him of his intellectual faculties and proved fatal within the week.

The second edition of the Manx Bible was published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1775. The entire Bible was published in 4to., but separate copies of the New Testament were issued in 8vo. In 1810 a stereotyped edition of 2,000 copies of the New Testament in 12mo was published by the British and Foreign Bible

Society, and in 1815 an additional supply of 250 copies was struck off. The last edition, and the one to which the volume exhibited belonged, consisted of 5,000 copies of the Bible, which were issued by the same Society. As far back as 1825, the Bishop of Sodor and Man informed the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge that there was no longer any necessity for impressions of the Bible in the Manx language, and that the people were eager to be supplied with English copies. It is therefore probable that no further edition of the Bible in this language will ever appear.

The Manx translation of the Old Testament has been esteemed as nearer to the Hebrew than is the authorised English version, and is often of a paraphrastical character. A remarkable variation between the English and Manx Bibles occurs in 1 Kings xvii. ch., 3-6 v., where the word "ravens" is rendered by "cummaltee Oreb"—the inhabitants of Oreb.

The Manx language, like the Welsh and Cornish, are dialects of the Erse or Gaelic, which derives no assistance from the languages of Greece and Rome, from which it differs in its structures and formation. Having its affixes and prefixes, it greatly resembles the Hebrew, especially in the inflexions of the nouns and verbs. This at least seems to be the opinion of philologists; but selecting the passage to which reference has been made, it is difficult to avoid a comparison between the Manx (v. 4) *eh gy-kione* and the Greek *egeneto* (*and it came to pass*). In some of the most remote and mountainous parts of the island an odd person here and there may yet be found who can speak the language, but it and Cornish may veritably be numbered among the dead languages, to which there seems little doubt the Welsh will be added within another century. This decadence of languages which, like the Erse and Greek, are powerful, copious and

beautiful in their expressions, is a most remarkable phenomenon. Is it attributable to the march of intellect or to the survival of the fittest, or is it simply the result of that ceaseless change that pervades all things?

A HITHERTO UNRECORDED CURRENCY IN CANADA.



WRITING of the days succeeding the founding of Galt, Ont., in 1816, an author says: "Money was rarely seen. At certain seasons there was literally none in circulation. An English shilling was almost a curiosity. Battered brass buttons passed readily as coppers, and it is said that in a hard pinch they were occasionally cut off the coat for the purpose! An amusing illustration of the scarcity of money may be mentioned here. People were infatuated to get married in those days, just as they do now; but the operation was by no means so easy as at present. The clergy of the Church of England were the only ministers at one time who could marry; magistrates could do so, however, when there was no Episcopal clergyman within a radius of eighteen miles, and Squire Ellis, of Waterloo, and Squire Murray, who resided near St. George, for many years did a thriving business in the matrimonial line. But to our story. It was customary then, as now, for the bridegroom to hand the officiating clergyman or magistrate a small fee on the completion of the ceremony. However difficult it was to procure, at least one dollar was generally scraped together for this purpose. But even this could not always be obtained. Indeed, on one occasion, one of the clergymen of Galt (Rev. Dr. Boomer), after tying the marriage knot, was surprised when the bride stepped briskly up to his side and whispered in his ear that they had no money, but

would on the morrow send him the marriage fee in sausages ! He accepted the offer with the best grace possible, but could scarcely suppress his merriment at the unexpected and unusual character of the *douceur*."

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT, KINGSTON.

(Scribner's Monthly.)



LOSE on three centuries and a half ago, Jacques Cartier, looking for the Indies, found the St. Lawrence. The Indian village of Stadaconé, hard by the beetling cliff of Quebec, and the palisaded town of Hochelaga nestling amid corn-fields under the shadow of the mountain which he named Mount Royal, gave him kindly welcome. These and the mighty river and unbroken forests primeval extending to unknown horizons, were fair to see under the glowing summer sun and the marvellous tints of autumn. But an apparently endless winter succeeded, and horrible scurvy wasted his men like a pestilence. Returning to France with tales of "black forests, deep snow, and thick ice," instead of schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls, he received from his patrons maledictions instead of thanks. Of this introductory chapter of Canadian history, little remains but the memory of the hardy mariner of St. Malo.

The first period of Canadian history begins with the first years of the seventeenth century, and ends with the death of Count Frontenac and the peace made with the Iroquois in the year 1700. Through all this time, Canada had to fight for life with the Iroquois, or Five Nations of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Senecas. The territory

of this formidable confederacy extended from Lake Champlain and the Mohawk River to the western extremity of Lake Erie. The great Canadian names of the period, Champlain, Maisonneuve, La Salle, and Count Frontenac, are but the brightest stars in a crowded firmament.

Between Jacques Cartier and Champlain's time comes in an episode that frequently takes hold of my imagination. The Marquis de la Roche undertook to colonize and christianize New France. To find gold and silver mines, and to spread the Gospel, were the twin motives that animated the French gentlemen who sailed from France to the New World in those brave days of old. The quality of De la Roche's colonists was bad enough, and the quantity not much better. In addition to his crew he had only some forty convicts. They sailed in a vessel so small that from the cords of the gunwale the men could wash their hands in the sea. Coasting to the south of Nova Scotia, he came to those long low ridges of sand, well called Sable Island, that had been the dread of Basque and Norman and Breton fishermen before Jacques Cartier's day, and that are the dread of mariners still. Here he landed his jail-birds, intending to return for them when he had selected a site for his colony. A furious storm drove him back to France, and thrown into prison by an enemy, he could neither organize another expedition nor get speech of the king. When the little craft that had borne them across the Atlantic slowly receded from the gaze of the convicts, suspicions may have crossed their minds. When the days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, without a sail appearing on the horizon, the suspicions deepened into conviction. Savagely they cursed their fate and each other, and the patron who had proved their betrayer. What were they to do? On this ocean-girt Sahara, nearly a hundred miles from the mainland, there was, at any rate, nothing to stir ambition or

excite passion; no house to break into, no one to plunder, no society that had been their enemy, and against which instinct, necessity or revenge impelled them to wage war; no guards to enforce work, no handcuffs, or strait and lonely cells. They were brothers in evil fate; surely the sentiment of a common brotherhood would be born in them and restore them to manhood! The island is a wilderness of sand, bowshaped, about thirty miles long, with a lake in the centre, on the shores of which grow a few shrubs and sickly plants. Neither tree, rock nor cave offered friendly shelter from the driving rain and wintry sleet. They gazed on long reaches of sand, broken only by sand ridges covered with rank grass, or whortleberry and cranberry bushes in the depressions; along the indented shifting coast, the skeleton or broken mast of an ancient wreck; or—after a gale of wind—human skeletons exposed to view; and beyond, the wild waste of the Atlantic, imprisoning them more relentlessly than their old prison bars. Fortunately they were able to build rude barracks out of the remains of Spanish vessels which had been wrecked on their way to Cape Breton, and they found on the island cattle and sheep that had come from those same vessels. When the cattle and sheep failed, they lived on fish; and when their clothes were worn out they clothed themselves with the pelts of seals. Without adequate protection from the cold; surf-laden winds howling night and day; impenetrable fogs hiding the sky; the thunder of the sea striking the long line of land, and the vibration of the island under the tremendous pressure making them dread that they and their wretched sand-lots were to be swept into space; and, to crown all, the fellowship of naught but the beast in themselves! They quarreled and murdered one another, till only twelve were left. Seven miserable years passed, when one day a sail was seen making for the island, instead of giving it the usual

wide berth. The pilot—Chédotel—who had sailed with De la Roche was in charge. The Parliament of Rouen had sent him to ascertain their fate, and bring back those who had survived. With all haste they packed up the stock of furs they had accumulated ; but their ill-luck did not desert them, Chédotel seized upon their furs as the price of their voyage. Arrived in France, the king—Henry IV.—desired to see them. They were presented to him, “covered with seal skins, with hair and beard of a length and disorder that made them resemble the pretended river gods, and so disfigured as to inspire horror. The king gave them fifty crowns apiece, and sent them home, released from all process of law.”* Chédotel, too, was obliged to give back to them half their furs ; and the curtain falls on the convicts, who form the first link of connection between French history on the St. Lawrence and in Nova Scotia.

The seventeenth century opens on Canada, not with the St Lawrence, but with attempted settlements at the mouth of the river St. Croix, in New Brunswick, and at Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. The names of DeMonts, Poutrincourt, Champlain, Lescarbot, and others like them, men of gentle birth and insatiable enterprise, are linked with these unsuccessful attempts. We read sadly and sorrowfully of failure where our sympathies cry out for success ; but what other results could there be with colonization schemes based on court favor and government monopoly, instead of patient industry, and with a rank and file swept from streets and jails, instead of material like that which founded and made New England ?

Champlain did not linger long about the rugged shores of Acadie. It was from the St. Lawrence that France could best extend her sway in all directions over the New World.

*Charlevoix, vol. 1, 109. Champlain's Voyages, p. 42.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec, not far from the village of Stadaconé, where Jacques Cartier had spent a miserable winter sixty-seven years before. The site of Champlain's town is the market-place of the present Lower Town of Quebec. Above it rose the fort and the Upper Town, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world. Well guarded gates defended the approaches from the Lower Town, the St. Charles, the suburbs, and the open country in the rear. From Champlain's time, here has been the centre of French life and influence in America. Till Montcalm fell gloriously, a long line of French governors ruled proudly from the old castled rock. Then the lilies of France gave way to the Cross of St. George, which has waved ever since over a people French in blood and sentiment, but who in every hour of need prove their loyalty to the British throne, and their attachment to institutions under which they first learned the lessons of liberty. Admirably situated for trade and commerce, strong as a fortification, surpassingly beautiful in situation, the centre of almost everything that is romantic in the history of New France, Quebec was also fortunate in its founder. While he lived, Champlain was the head, heart and hand of the infant colony. No name more deserving of honour is enrolled in Canada's book of gold—not so much for what he did, as for what he was. Leaving out Jacques Cartier's name, he was the first of that race of intrepid explorers, lay and clerical, voyageurs and nobles, who searched out the farthest recesses of the forest wilderness, and gave French names to mountains and lakes, rivers, portages and forts, from Louisburg to the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, and from Hudson's Bay and Lake Athabasca to Louisiana. Fervid piety rather than love of adventure is the explanation of his life. "The saving of a soul," he would often say, "is worth more than the conquest of an

empire." Patriotism and religion determined his policy, and amid infinite labours and explorations his policy was single. With that as his pole star he forced his way up the Ottawa to the mouth of the Mattawan; thence westerly to Lake Nipissing, and down French River to the mighty Lake Huron. Pursuing his course southward, along the eastern shores of the Georgian Bay, he came to the rich and populous country of the Hurons, around lake Simcoe, now one vast wheat field in the heart of the great Province of Ontario. His policy was to unite the Indians of the Saguenay, of the Ottawa, of the Georgian Bay, and of Lake Erie into one great confederacy, under French leadership. Those tribes were to be converted by Franciscans and Jesuits, who would thus win a new field for Mother Church in compensation for that which had been lost in the Old World. The same policy would ensure the prosperity of Quebec. The Indians would bring their valuable peltries to the place where, under the Governor's own eye, they could exchange them for French goods. The growth of the colony would be stimulated, dividends would be paid to the Company that had established it, and the loyalty of the Indians and their respect for the missionaries who represented France in their far-away villages would be increased, when, at each annual visit to Quebec, they beheld the state of the Governor, partook of his hospitality, and heard the thunder of his cannon. The policy seemed feasible enough. The tribes of the East and West and North willingly acknowledged the supremacy, and accepted the protection of Champlain. Admiration of the French, a keen desire to exchange their furs for the marvellous things the French alone could give, and a common dread of the Iroquois actuated them. To bind them as his allies, Champlain deliberately made himself the enemy of the Iroquois. This was the one fatal defect of his policy. He should have conciliated those

formidable warriors at any cost. A policy of conciliation must have succeeded. Had he sent among them his grey robes and black robes, the Recollet Friars and Jesuit Fathers; backed these with presents that would have been irresistible at one-tenth the cost of war; gradually established a few forts along the Richelieu and the Hudson—New York could have been secured as a winter port. This gained, the great game would have been gained for New France at the first move. The Pilgrim Fathers would have landed in 1620 at New Plymouth, but they would have been limited to rocky New England. English advance to the West would have been blocked, and the Atlantic colonies of the future cut in twain. It is strange that a man like Champlain, who had felt the dangers and loss resulting from being locked out from the ocean half the year, should have wasted his time on explorations to the north of the St. Lawrence instead of pressing to the open south. The Iroquois alone barred the way. With these on his side he could have anticipated the feeble Dutch colony that, in 1613, settled on Manhattan Island, or could have swept them off. Probably he underestimated the strength of the Iroquois, and imagined that when he had consolidated the Northern and Western tribes, these would not resist him long. He could not foresee that the Dutch were to establish themselves at Albany, and by supplying the Iroquois with fire-arms make them a terror to Frenchmen as well as to Hurons; or that along those rocky inlets and pine-covered Atlantic shores that had appeared to him so unpromising, a great commonwealth would grow,—slowly at first, but resistlessly as fate. Certainly it is not for us to mourn Champlain's mistake. After all, it is difficult to imagine that any one head could have changed the destinies of America. Mighty forces soon came into play, which swallowed up the wisdom and the folly, the success and

failure of the wisest and strongest. We know that what Champlain undertook to do he did with grand self-forgetfulness, and two and a half centuries after his death Quebec continues to honour his memory.

Struggling against difficulty and misfortune, sustained by motives and hopes that baser souls never know, Champlain's picture is hung up in the national heart. Everything was against his determination to make Quebec prosperous. Boundless and fair as seems the view from Cape Diamond, the extent of good soil was limited; for the rugged Laurentides press down almost to the river's brink. What the soil yielded in summer never fed the colony in winter. In spite of Champlain's example, few of the colonists devoted themselves to tillage. They had come out, not to farm, but to trade, to hunt, and to make money which they intended to carry back to France and spend there. The existence of Quebec depended on the fur trade; that depended on peace being kept with the Iroquois; and the Iroquois had been challenged to do their worst. The city was thus little better than one of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts of the present day in the North-West, except that there was about it more of military and ecclesiastical state. It was perpetually in peril of starvation. Every winter scurvy decimated the wretched inhabitants. Again and again Champlain saw that it was on the verge of extinction; but he would not let it die. Honour to that patient courage undismayed by long continued toil, that unselfishness, that religious continence and purity of life, that long made his name an inspiration to the infant colony!

Champlain's successor was De Montmagny. In his time the Island of Montreal was settled. Religion had much to do with the foundation and early history of Quebec. It had everything to do with the foundation of Villemarie de

Montreal. The new settlement was conceived in the brain of Jean Jacques Olier, the founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The picture in his brain was not the splendid city of to-day, with its massive quays, palatial warehouses, widening and far-extending streets; but a religious community, full of heavenly zeal to propagate the true faith all through the illimitable wildernesses that extended along the banks of the two mighty rivers whose currents met at and embraced the beautiful island. Of course, when the immense commercial value of the position began to be understood, insinuations were thrown out that the founders had been animated by mundane rather than purely religious motives. So talked the agents and friends of the Company of One Hundred Associates to whom Louis XIII. had made over all the territory of New France, with its capital, Quebec. They saw that Montreal would prove a serious rival to Quebec. From that day to this the two cities have been jealous of each other. The founders of Montreal indignantly repudiated the insinuations of the Company and its agents. They had forsaken France for Canadian winters, the privations of emigrants, and anticipated tortures, not at the call of ambition nor with hope of gain, but for the greater glory of God. They had contributed freely all their worldly goods as well as themselves to the enterprise, and had bound themselves to seek no return for the money expended. Men of gentle birth, ladies who had been accustomed all their lives before to delicate nurture and the refinements of the most refined society on earth, braved the Atlantic in filthy, infected little ships, made their home in the thick of the gloomy forest, and wore their lives out in ministering, nursing and teaching. From the first, Montreal consisted of three religious communities, in honour of the Holy Family—a seminary of priests consecrated to Jesus, a hospital attended by nuns conse-

crated to Joseph, and a school consecrated to the Virgin. Everything else in the settlement,—the farming, milling, trading, the military guard,—existed for these; for these enshrined the heart and purpose of the new colony. Who of us is sufficiently pure in heart to pronounce righteous judgment on the members of the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal? Motives cross and blend in each of us so strangely that we cannot tell which is dominant at any moment. Dross may have mingled with the gold in the hearts of Olier, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Jeanne Mance, and the other founders of Montreal, but fine gold was undoubtedly there, and it is the gold we value. Especially are we attracted to the first governor, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Like Champlain, devout as a saint, pure in life amid surrounding license and manifold temptations, loving adventure, yet always maintaining a steadfast purpose, adding to the innate bravery of the French gentleman a caution that could cope with Indian craft, Maisonneuve's character always inspires respect. Manly strength and straightforward piety never fail him. When his father opposed his embarking in the seemingly mad enterprise, he answered: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold," with an air so matter-of-fact that the worldly-minded old gentleman really believed his son was going to make a good thing out of it, and ceased further opposition. When he arrived at Quebec, and the Governor and Council represented to him the folly and impracticability of founding a settlement so far away from any possible succour, and offered him the Island of Orleans instead, he answered: "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony at Montreal, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois!" As we trace the history of the early struggles of Montreal

for existence, we know not whether the prize of valour should be awarded to nuns or priests, to the Governor, the soldiers, or the labourers. Soldiers lived like priests, and priests out-did the soldiers in fearlessness. Every man carried his life in his hand, and heaven seemed so near that he counted life of little worth. All through the glowing summer there was no respite from watching. During the day the labourers took their guns to the fields and worked, with anxious glances at the surrounding forest. During the night the Iroquois lay in wait behind the nearest tree or among the blackened stumps, or in the very shadow of the fort or windmill. Woe to the heedless who ventured outside! Happy he who got away maimed and bleeding from an enemy who tortured his prisoners with ingenuity, mercilessly prolonging life that agony might be prolonged! Only when winter had robbed the mountain of its glorious autumn crown, and the St. Lawrence was bound fast under crystal gyves as strong as steel, could the settlers venture beyond the fort or palisaded hospital, or their little row of houses then, as now, called St. Paul Street. And not always even then, for the Iroquois defied the winter itself, and lurked for weeks in the deep, dry snow, ready to attack should the slightest carelessness invite them. I never hear men grudge the Sulpitians their property in Montreal without thinking of how it was acquired, and suggesting to the grumblers that property likely to be equally valuable two or three centuries hence, if not sooner, can now be secured on the Saskatchewan or the Peace river. To the Sulpitians we owe the foundation of the city. They won it from the forest and the savage by years of unrequited toil and continuous expenditure of blood and tears. The infant colony was in the jaws of wolves. On it always broke the first and fiercest surges of attack. Every year some unfortunates were snatched away to a horrible death, and none

knew whose turn would come next. These were conditions of existence to nurture heroism or despair. No one despaired. Many a story of the time has been preserved for us by the industrious Abbe Faillon. One, sympathetically told by Parkman, is well worth the reading.* In 1660 a young officer, Adam Daulac by name, resolved that instead of waiting for the Iroquois to attack Montreal, he would go up the river, wait at some point they must needs pass, and attack them as they descended. Sixteen others joined him, the oldest thirty-one years of age. You can find their names, ages, occupation, property, and all about them, in the old records of Montreal. Maisonneuve, like a true knight, gave them leave to go on their quest. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacraments, and went forth with joy, like ancient Paladins, or like those early Christians who rushed on martyrdom. At the foot of Long Sault they found a little palisade, "scarcely better than a cattle-pen," and they determined to make this their fort and their grave. Attacked by two hundred Indians, they held their own for a week; and when seven hundred hewed a breach in the palisades, the Frenchmen—sword in one hand and knife in the other—threw themselves into the thickest of the swarm and fought like madmen till every man of them was shot or stricken down. Thus died the glorious band, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, obeying the law of honour. The price of the victory made the Iroquois relinquish all thought of attacking Montreal that year. Full of fight as they were, they had had enough of it, and the colony was saved by the devotion of a handful of its children.

The glory of Daulac pales before the steady light that enshrines the figures of the Jesuit missionaries to the Indians of Canada. Eyes and heart alternately glow and

*"The Old Régime in Canada," Chapter III.

fill as we read the endless "Relations" of their faith and failures, their heaped-up measure of miseries, their bootless wisdom, their heroic martyrdoms. We forget our traditional antipathy to the name of Jesuit. The satire of Pascal, the memories of the Inquisition, and the political history of the order, are all forgotten. We dislike to have our sympathy checked by reminders that in Canada, as everywhere else, they were the consistent, formidable foes of liberty; that their love of power not only embroiled them continually with the civil authorities, but made them jealous of the Recollets and Sulpitians, unwilling that any save their own order—or, as we say, sect—should share in the dangers and glory of converting the infidels of New France. How can we—sitting at home in ease—we who have entered into their labours, criticise men before whose spiritual white heat every mountain melted away; who carried the cross in advance of the most adventurous *coureurs de bois*, or guides; who taught agriculture to the Indians on the Georgian Bay before a dozen farms had been cleared on the St. Lawrence; drove or carried cattle through unbroken forest round the countless rapids and cataracts of the Ottawa and French River, that they might wean the Hurons from nomadic habits and make of them a nation; who shrank from no hardship and no indignity if by any means they might save some of the miserable savages who heaped indignities upon them; who instituted hospitals and convents wherever they went, always (in the spirit of their Master) caring most for the weak, the decrepit, the aged; and submitted themselves, without thinking of escape, to unutterable tortures rather than lose an opportunity of administering the last sacraments to those who had fallen under the hatchets of the Iroquois! Few Protestants have any idea of the extraordinary missionary activity of the church of Rome in the seventeenth century. Few

Englishmen know to what an extent French society was inspired then by religious fervor. Few Canadians have any knowledge of the spiritual inheritance of which they are the heirs. It would be well for all of us to read Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," if we cannot get hold of the original "Relations"; for the story looked at even from a Protestant and Republican standpoint is one to do us all good, revealing as it does the spiritual bonds that link into oneness of faith Protestant and Roman Catholic, and teaching that beneath the long black robe of the dreaded Jesuit is to be found not so much that disingenuousness and those schemes of worldly ambition usually associated with the name, but a passionate devotion to the Saviour, love for the souls of men, and the fixed steadfastness of the martyr's spirit that remains unshaken when heart and flesh faint and fail. The extent of the Jesuit missions in Canada is surprising, in a century, too, when the Protestant churches scarcely gave a thought to the great world work that now so largely engages their sympathies. In the Huron country alone, the mission consisted of eighteen priests, four lay brothers, and twenty-three men serving without pay, called *donnés*, or given men, as distinct from *engagés*, or hired men; besides nineteen hired labourers, soldiers, and boys. On the towns of the Mission of St. Ignace—the majority of whose inhabitants had accepted Christianity, fell the heavy hand of Iroquois invasion in the spring of 1649. Here the two Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant were stationed. Their converts implored them to fly, but they refused. It was theirs to remain at their post, the one to give baptism at the last moment to whomsoever sought it, the other to give absolution to the dying. Sixteen years before, Champlain had introduced Brébeuf and two others to the Hurons who had come down to trade. "These are our fathers," he said. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The


whole French nation honours them. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honour these, our fathers." Brébeuf at this time was forty years old. The enthusiasm of youth had passed into a deep, overmastering spiritual passion that fused all the forces of his being and directed them to the one great end. An iron constitution—the ready servant of a strong, fervid will—enabled him to do and endure anything. He might easily have won worldly distinctions, but his sole ambition was to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For fifteen years he had been the "*decus et tutamen*" of the Huron Mission. His zeal had never flagged; and now, after seeing success coming to crown his labors, he was doomed to behold the destruction of the Mission and of the Huron Nation. Lalemant, the nephew of the Superior at Quebec, was the counterpart of Brébeuf. Elijah sought and found his complement in Elisha. Bold St. Peter attached to himself the timid John Mark. Stormful Luther met his mild Melancthon. Not more unlike, physically or temperamentally, were Brébeuf and Lalemant. They had toiled together in life, one in fervor and aim; and in death they were not divided. Space is wanting for details concerning the missionary work of the various Roman Catholic orders in Canada. Nothing discouraged them; no defeat made them despair of eventual success. As brethren in Christ, we rejoice in their superb faith, though we may sometimes smile at the naïve form in which it found expression. The Recollet friar, Joseph le Carou, the first priest who visited the Huron country, thus sustains his sinking courage: "When one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion and sacrifice to it his repose and his life." Zuinglius himself

might pardon the bold Sacramentarianism from such lips. The prophetic words of the Father Superior of the Jesuits in 1647 stir the heart of the Christian—by whatsoever name known among men—like the blast of a trumpet: "We shall die; we shall be captured, burned, butchered. Be it so. Those who die in their beds do not always die the best death. I see none of our company cast down." And truly, in spite of failures, these men did a great work. Seeds of divine truth they sowed broadcast over the wilderness. Gradually they tempered the ferocity of the Indian character, and mitigated the horrors of Indian war. They induced the remnants of many tribes to settle under the shadow of their missions protected by forts. Portions even of the terrible Iroquois settled in Canada, and the Church has, on the whole, no children more obedient, and Queen Victoria certainly no subjects more loyal. Their superiority to other Indians is as plainly marked to-day as it was two centuries ago. No better voyageurs exist. In travelling among the Canadian lakes and Lacustrine rivers, get Iroquois to man your canoes, and you are all right. No other crew, white or red, can be compared to them. Never intruding on their employers, because conscious of their own dignity; prompt to do what is needed without fuss or chatter; ready to talk when you wish it, but not offended should you keep silence for weeks; never grumbling; strong, cleanly, weather-wise, and experienced in all the mysteries of wood-craft and canoeing, they are splendid fellows to have with you.

Other orders as well as the Jesuits established missions at various points, and the christianized Indians from these did good service in the wars of the next period. The Sulpicians established one in Montreal on the slope of the mountain, near the present Seminary. Two stone towers, part of the defences of this Mission, still exist, and were

recently pointed out to me by one of the priests as the oldest remains of former days now standing in Montreal. Recently, Protestant churches in Canada have sent missionaries to the Indians, but the church of Rome bore the burden and heat of the day, and still occupies the post of honour. Her missions are co-extensive with the Dominion. I have seen them in New Brunswick, where the Restigouche mingles its waters with the Bay Chaleur; on the great Manitoulin, where the remains of the Huron Nation sought refuge; and under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where gentle ladies who had travelled across the great loneland lovingly ministered to Cree and Blackfeet children orphaned by war and the small-pox. Words are too weak to acknowledge the devotion to God's will and the self-sacrifice for man that the histories of such missionaries record. They have laid the country under a large debt of gratitude. The one thing that Canada cannot be too thankful for is that she has no Indian wars. For this unspeakable blessing, how much do we owe to the teaching, sacrifices, and long-continued labours of self-exiled men and women whose names are written, not in the columns of newspapers, but in the Book of Life?

ORIGIN OF THE DUCAT.

HE origin of *ducats* is referred to one Longinus, governor of Italy, who, revolting against the Emperor Justin the younger, made himself Duke of Ravenna and called himself *Exarcha*, i.e., without lord or ruler; and to show his independence, struck pieces of money of very pure gold, in his own name and with his own stamp, which were called *ducati* (ducats).

THE FLYING CAMP OF 1649.

BY BENJAMIN SULTÉ, OTTAWA.



ONTREAL Antiquarians have lately discussed the following historical point: What is the first militia force to be found in the records of Canada?

I may venture to answer that as early as 1642 there were no less than seventy soldiers at Three Rivers, whose duty was not only to defend that place against the Iroquois, but to patrol on Lake St. Peter also. The same year only fifteen soldiers were quartered at Quebec—a much less exposed station than Three Rivers.

In the year 1644 some troops were sent to Canada by Anne d'Autriche, Régente de France. Twenty-two of these soldiers accompanied the Hurons, the missionaries and a few Frenchmen who went to the Georgian Bay that summer.

M. Ferland says that the garrison of Montreal numbered thirty men in 1647; but he evidently means the thirty men placed under the orders of Jean Bourdon for reconnaissance purposes on Lake St. Peter.

Up to now I have only found mention of "soldiers"—apparently regular troops.

About 1647, M. de Montmagny had under consideration a project for organizing an active militia force composed of men who kept a constant lookout at the places where the Iroquois were in the habit of making attacks to plunder and murder the settlers. The resources at his disposal did not permit the Governor to bring this plan into operation.

I find that in 1648 soldiers are mentioned as being garrisoned at Three Rivers. It is stated that in the same year no less than five hundred soldiers were scattered from

Newfoundland to the south shores of the great lakes. That figure seems to me a very large one.

In the spring of 1649 a *Camp Volant* was organized under the command of Charles J. d'Ailleboust des Musseaux, nephew of the new Governor-General, M. d'Ailleboust. It numbered forty men, and its duty consisted in patrolling on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Three Rivers. At Quebec, ten or twelve soldiers only remained.

On the 6th June, 1651, the Governor-General, being at Three Rivers, appointed Pierre Boucher* as captain of the militia at that place, and Nicholas Rivard† captain at Cap de la Magdelaine. The instructions given to Boucher are very interesting. He was ordered to divide the borough into four sections, to drill his men, to have target practice and instruction in cleaning and preserving their arms, and to have a guard constantly on the look-out, &c.

Thus we have soldiers from 1642; volunteers from 1649, and sedentary militia from 1651, if not before.

A document dated Three Rivers, August 5th, 1652, states that the purchaser of a certain lot of land that day was "Guillaume Guillemot, Escuyer, Sieur Duplessis Kerbodot, Capitaine du *Camp Volant*, gouverneur du fort et habitation des Trois-Rivières, nommé par M. de Lauzon." This would show that M. de Lauzon on taking the reins of administration in the autumn of 1651, put his relative Duplessis in the position occupied formerly (since 1649) by d'Ailleboust des Musseaux.

As Duplessis Kerbodot was killed on the 19th August 1652, near Three Rivers, together with about fifteen Frenchmen—of whom three are noted down as being soldiers—the *Camp Volant* became disorganized during the following

*Hon. Pierre Boucher de Boucherville is his direct descendant.

†Ancestor of the present Mayor of Montreal.

winter, and de Lauzon showed himself anxious to reform it on an effective plan. So, early in the summer of 1653, he caused fifty men to be enrolled for that purpose. On the 2nd July this force left Sillery under the command of Eustache Lambert to go up the river as far as Montreal if necessary in order to prevent the Iroquois from attacking the settlers and the annual trading canoes from Upper Canada.

For the period embraced in the seven subsequent years I find no trace of the "Flying Camp." It must have been neglected by Dargenson and Davaugour. In fact a body of regular troops was required to check the Iroquois and not mere militia, whose men could not attend to their farm and other business and at the same time keep beating the country nearly all the year round. Therefore, in 1660 Father Le Jeune went to Paris to obtain troops, which the colony was much in need of. In 1661 Pierre Boucher embarked for France with the same view. In 1662 Louis XIV. ordered one hundred men for Canada, and three hundred men for the next year. The first of these troops reached Quebec on the 27th October, 1662, less thirty men who had been left at Newfoundland on the way. In the following year a body of militiamen was organized at Montreal.

On the 19th June, 1665, the first four companies of Carignan arrived at Quebec; four others on the 30th, with Tracy (vice-roi), and more again at a later period. As the Carignan regiment was proceeding from Quebec towards the Richelieu or Iroquois River, in the summer of 1665, they were met at Three Rivers by a company of Canadian Volunteers under M. de Repentigny. Our historians, after mentioning this fact, remark that "this is the first appearance of the Canadian Militia on the pages of history." Not quite correct, as we now see.

A FORGOTTEN PHENOMENON.

HOW NIAGARA FALLS RAN DRY, MARCH 31st, 1848. THE
FACTS SUBSTANTIATED IN A LETTER FROM RT. REV.
DR. FULLER, BISHOP OF NIAGARA.



THE Right Rev. Bishop Fuller writes from Hamilton, Ont., to the Chicago *Tribune* as follows:—

In the month of March last I delivered, in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, a lecture entitled "Upper Canada as it was fifty years ago, and Ontario as it now is"; and in the course of my lecture I spoke of the great difficulty of constructing the International Bridge between Buffalo and the Canada side opposite to that city on account of the great current of water running at times down the Niagara river, where the waters are driven by strong westerly winds down Lake Erie, whereas the quantity of water running down the river is very much diminished when the winds drive up Lake Erie. I then remarked: "This fact caused an event thirty-two years ago this month of which probably very few of you have ever heard. I refer to the time when the Falls of Niagara were dry for a whole day! That day was the 31st of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Thos. C. Street, Esq., M. P. Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he has a grist mill on the rapids above the Falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill-race, and no water in the great river outside of the race. He said that he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river, on the edge of which he

had been born thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast, he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from the Table Rock, and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view towards the river below the Falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I often had done).

"He then returned home, and drove from the Canada shore some one-half mile above the Falls toward Goat Island. When he told me this he reproached himself very much for not having sent for me, about eight miles distant, but he said that although he had several times intended doing so, he each time concluded not to do it, lest, before we could reach the wonderful scene, the waters should have returned to their old course. Of course everybody was speaking of the wonderful event when I was out there the next day, and I have heard others who witnessed it speak of it since that time."

So far can I testify to the evidence of the fact at the time of its occurrence.

Mr. Street's theory was this: That the winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of the water from it over the Falls, and suddenly changing, blew this little water (comparatively speaking) up to the western portion of the lake; and that

at this juncture the ice on Lake Erie, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and the Canada side, and formed a dam which kept back the waters of Lake Erie a whole day.

Before delivering my lecture I wrote to the Hon. L. F. Allen, of Buffalo, a well-known gentleman of that city, giving Mr. Street's statement and asking him if he recollected anything about the occurrence, and I have before me as I write this his reply, which is as follows:—

BUFFALO, March 11th, 1880.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 9th inst. received. The fact relating to the low water mentioned by Mr. Street as having occurred at Niagara Falls, I well recollect, although I have no precise data as to the month or year in which it occurred. It was so remarkable as to be noticed in Buffalo newspapers. Nor do I recollect whether the subsidence of the river-waters was caused by a dam of ice at the outlet of Lake Erie, or by a strong east wind, which sometimes, by blowing the water up the lake, makes very low water in the river for many hours. I knew Mr. Street personally very well, and should have entire credence in any statement he should make of his own knowledge. That Mr. Street could have driven his horse for several hundred feet into the bare bed of the river on the Canada side, I have no doubt. I have lived in Buffalo fifty-three years, have witnessed so many fluctuations in the levels of the lake and river that I have perfect confidence in the late Mr. Street's account of the fact you name. He was a gentleman of such accurate statement that no one knowing him could doubt any one that he should seriously make.

Most truly and respectfully yours,

L. F. ALLEN.

Since the delivery of my lecture in March last, a short synopsis of it was published in our local papers. Amongst other things given in my lecture, this fact of Niagara Falls having been dry for a whole day was mentioned; and, shortly afterwards, a slip from a paper was handed to me in my son's office in this city, in which was stated the fact that I had made such a statement in a recently delivered lecture, and the editor stated that "some rumours had been afloat at times regarding the matter," but he looked upon it as "rather a fishy story." When this was read to me

in my son's office, a man by the name of John B. Smythe happened to be in the office at the time. On hearing the slip read from the paper he said, "There is nothing fishy about the story, for I witnessed the thing myself." He promised to give me a proof of the fact, taken before a notary public (as our laws forbid taking oath in such cases, but allow a person to make a statutory declaration). Unfortunately, however, he has been ill, and has not been able to attend to it. However, I am enabled to send you two "declarations," one from an aged gentleman, Mr. Harry Bond, of Chippewa, and the other from a leading gentleman in the place, a justice of the peace and a notary public, and a person doing an extensive business as a tanner. Mr. Bond's declaration is as follows:—

"County of Welland, to wit: I, Henry Bond, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, do solemnly declare that I remember the occurrence of there having been a day during which so little water was running in the Niagara River that but a small stream was flowing over the falls of Niagara during that day. It happened on or about the 31st day of March, A.D. 1848; and I remember riding on horseback from below the flouring mills and cloth factory of the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., out into the bed of the river, and so on down outside Cedar Island to Table Rock. Farther up the Niagara River, at the village of Chippewa, where the Welland River empties into the Niagara, there was so little water running that the Welland was nearly dry, only a very little stream running in the centre. I recollect a number of old gun-barrels having been found in the bed of the Welland River, at this junction with the Niagara River, supposed to have been thrown into the river during the war of 1812.

"HENRY BOND."

"And I make this declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the Act passed in the thirty-seventh year of Her Majesty's reign, intituled 'An Act for the suppression of voluntary extra-judicial oaths.' Declared before me, at Chippewa, in the county of Welland, this 17th day of May, A.D. 1880.

"J. F. MACKLAN, Notary Public."

The second declaration is as follows:—

"County of Welland, to wit: I, James Francis Macklan, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, Province of Ontario, Notary Public and

Justice of the Peace, do solemnly declare that about the 31st day of March, A.D. 1848, the waters of the Niagara River were so low that comparatively but little was flowing over the Falls for a whole day. I well remember a flag which was fixed upon a short staff and planted far out from Table Rock, and very near the brink of the precipice, which appeared to be over one-third of the way across the river between Table Rock and Goat Island. This flag was placed there by the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., he having walked out to that spot from the Table Rock upon the bed of the river where the water had previously rushed down in great force. 'The phenomenon of the Falls of Niagara running dry,' as was the term used in speaking of the occurrence, caused great excitement in the neighbourhood at the time.

"J. F. MACKLAN,

"Notary Public and Justice of the Peace for the County of Welland.

"CHIPPEWA, May 17th, 1880."

I trust that the above letter and declarations will be sufficient to prove to you that my statement regarding "the Falls of Niagara having been dry" on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1848, is not "a fishy story." I have taken all this trouble about this matter because I consider that this important fact should be better known than it is.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.

EDITORIAL.

The present number will complete the Eighth Volume of *The Antiquarian*. We have to apologize for many delays and shortcomings, which have arisen from causes beyond our control.

We are pleased to record that our esteemed friend Major A. H. Latour has been elected a corresponding member of the Historical Societies of Virginia and Philadelphia.

The monthly meetings of the Society have been held regularly, and the interest of the members in the work of the Society well sustained. It is a matter of regret, however, that no fixed place of abode has yet been found.

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